

AUGUST, 1912.

Price 6d.

the QUIVER



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BEECHAM'S PILLS.



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Rosy cheeks and plump chubby limbs mean proper feeding. Cow's milk alone is not the proper food for a baby. **What cow's milk lacks** as a proper food for babies Mellin's Food supplies. Mellin's Food is the ideal nutriment for the hand rearing of healthy vigorous infants.

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The Complete Modeller Box, with 5 Colours, Tools, etc. Post Free, 2/10.

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Q—Aug., 1912.]

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*Remarkable discovery that will interest
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involuntary Blushing.*

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES

THE CAUSE

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage, to **Mr. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39 Maddox St., Hanover Square, London, W.** you will receive full description of this remarkable method which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from their business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

FREE.

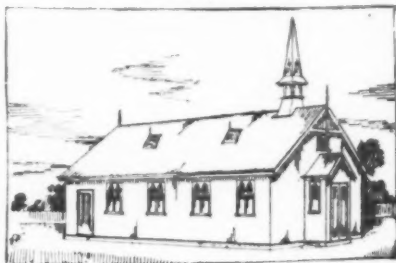
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Telephone—Hop 17.

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Price £167, erected complete on purchaser's foundations.



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BILLIARD ROOM, 26 ft. by 20 ft., with verandah. Constructed of timber frame-work, lined internally with match-boarded, painted rusticated boarding to external walls, and galvanised iron roof with Lantern Light.

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£1000

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The Daily Mail offers £1000 for twelve snap-shots illustrating the jolliest holiday this summer.

Take a Kodak with you on your holidays this Summer—and you will have as good a chance as anyone of winning this £1000 prize.

A Kodak will help you to enjoy your holidays as you never enjoyed holidays before. It will give you no end of fun—and capital pictures of the places you visit, the people you meet, the sights you see, and the things you do.

And the holiday-maker who has the most fun and who brings home in his Kodak the twelve jolliest holiday snap-shots will win the Daily Mail £1000 prize!

Remember, you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour. Any Kodak dealer will show you how simple it is.

There are Kodaks at all prices—from the new Vest Pocket Kodak at 30/- up to the 3a Special Kodak de luxe, fitted with a Zeiss Tessar lens and a Compound Shutter, at £12 : 9 : 6.

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Kodak Limited,
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GROWING HAIR BY THE CALENDAR

Watch the Calendar for a Week and See How Rapidly Your Hair Will Improve with Only Seven Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill."

ALL THE MATERIAL AND INSTRUCTIONS NECESSARY FOR CARRYING OUT THIS VALUABLE TOILET TEST SENT FREE BY REQUEST.

A week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" convinces everyone of the almost magical effect of the new method in growing new hair upon bald or thin patches, in restoring the lustre and colour to grey or faded hair, in removing scurf, in increasing the lustre and glossy luxuriance of "Woman's crowning glory." You try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week and you see your hair growing more beautiful before

one of these outfits for yourself, free of all charge, and at the end of a week your friends will congratulate you upon the marvellous improvement in your appearance). Practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a couple of minutes every morning. Any irritation previously present is instantly banished. Your hair seems altogether stronger and brighter. And this on the *First Day* of the Treatment.

About the *Third* or *Fourth Day* all falling or thinning will have completely stopped, and scurf-deposits will have ceased to form, whilst at the *end of the week* your hair will be greatly improving both in colour and in lustrous beauty and abundance.

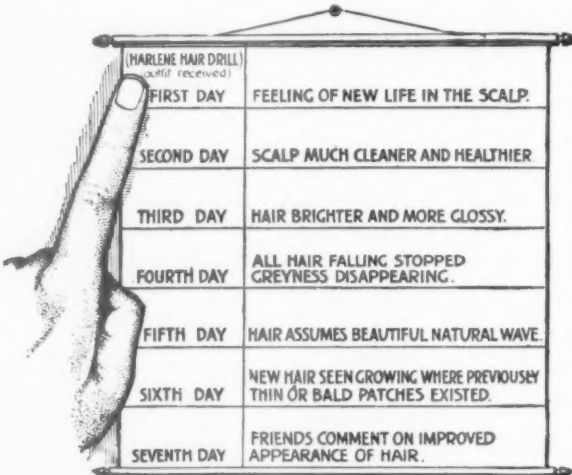
Fill up the coupon given below, and send it to the address given, together with threepence in stamps to cover the carriage, and you will be sent in return, free of any charge or obligation, a supply of "Harlene" sufficient for a full trial for "Hair-Drill," together with a book containing the full directions. Each Gift Outfit contains:

1. A **Trial Bottle of Edwards' Harlene for the Hair**, the most wonderful hair tonic and dressing that ever grew luxuriant heads of healthy hair.

2. A **Packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder for the Scalp**, which dissolves scurf, banishes irritation of the scalp, and prepares the hair for Hair-Drill treatment.

3. A **Special Copy of the Illustrated Secret Manual of Hair-Drill**, containing all the rules of this wonderful toilet method which cures Baldness, Greyness, and other forms of Hair Weakness.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from chemists or stores, or it will be sent direct (and free of postage) on receipt of postal order, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles. Cremex Shampoos, 1s. per Box of 7 Powders; single shampoos, 2d. each.



N.B.—By means of the coupon below any reader of this magazine may obtain a complete outfit for a week's Hair-Drill free of all charge.

your eyes. The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Calendar is only Seven days long, but each day is marked by a wonderful improvement in the health and luxuriance of your hair. You become a believer in, and follower of, "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the rest of your life. And consequently you are never troubled in the future with Falling Hair, Baldness, Greyness, Scurf Deposits, or any other trouble or weakness of the scalp or hair.

You can grow hair by the calendar—a calendar only seven days long.

A SEVEN DAYS' FREE TEST.

Hundreds of men and women are doing this at the present moment. Troubled with Thin or Falling Hair, or attacked by Scurf or Premature Greyness (and all greyness is premature, seeing that Hair-Drill enables the hair to retain its colour up to old age), they have obtained one of the free "Harlene Hair-Drill Trial Outfits" (you can obtain

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Dear Sirs,—Having read your announcement on "Growing Hair by the Calendar," I would like to accept your offer to send me the week's Trial Outfit for "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of charge. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage (to any part of the world).

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ADDRESS.....

THE QUIVER, August, 1910.

THE QUIVER

WHY PUT UP WITH IT?

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A "BLACKBIRD"

THE NEW FIVE SHILLING FOUNTPEN.

Sold by all
Stationers

Fitted with iridium-tipped gold nib, reliable feed, and strong holder, with large ink capacity. It is not of course as good as a "SWAN," but gives exceptional value for the small cost and answers the purpose of many who feel disinclined to pay the higher price for a "SWAN."

Costs but

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Or by post

With pocket clip, 56. One Penny extra.

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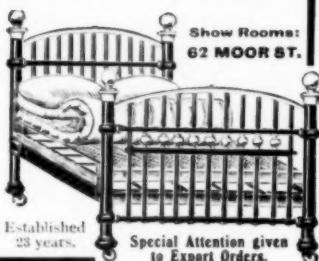
Do you know that practically ALL Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBORDS, OVERMANTELS, &c., at very LOW PRICES, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

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THE
GEO. R. SIMS'
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was short and stubby,—



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For Your Hair Trouble

Get from your chemist to-day a bottle of Tatcho, either in ordinary or in double strength, according to the condition of your hair, and a Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, and use them as directed for a month. If you do you will live to bless the day you saw this announcement. You will then realise that you have at last found your hair's salvation. The sovereign virtues of Tatcho have turned despair into joy to hundreds of thousands of distressed persons in every part of the world.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores at 1/-.
2/6, and 4/6, the two latter sizes being double strength.



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MORE THAN 100 PEERESSES

have written expressing their appreciation of the purity and mildness of McClinton's Soaps. The wonderful mildness of these Soaps is due to the fact that they contain no caustic soda, being made from the natural salts in the ash of plants. For tender skins they are unsurpassable.

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Of all Chemists and Stores everywhere.

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FROM HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
LANCUOR, etc., NEED

Women suffering from those everyday ailments arising from a disordered state of the stomach, liver, and bowels should resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is superior to any other medicine. Taken after meals it mixes with your food and enables you to gain nourishment from what you eat; your digestive organs are strengthened and so enabled to do their work efficiently. Very soon, headaches, constipation, and kindred symptoms of indigestion are banished, and you know once more what it is to feel vigorous, cheerful, and healthy.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"Until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup I often suffered from indigestion. Food of any kind lay like a load on my stomach, and I suffered greatly from constipation. I had pains at my chest and between my shoulders, and was very weak, often feeling as though I should faint. Various treatments and medicines were tried; but I got no relief until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Ten small bottles of that remedy cured me."—(Mrs.) AMY PAYNE, Upper Cock Street, Dettling Hill, Maidstone.

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The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/4 1/2 size.
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are used because of their acknowledged
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Wherever special pencil work is demanded, the "Koh-i-noor" is the pencil used. With a single "Koh-i-noor" the Rev. Dr. Tudor Jones translated the whole of Professor Eucken's great book—"The Truth of Religion," 650 pages, 200,000 words. It was the "Koh-i-noor" that Peary took with him to the Pole, and with which he wrote his re-

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It has saved many a limb from the knife.

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DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS,

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Sold by all Chemists, 7½d., 1½s., 6s., per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 80 Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

For Rupture and Abdominal Weakness, ABDOMÉ BELT-CORSET

is the Corset with Belt Combined, and affords Perfect Support for Rupture, Umbilical Hernia, or any Abdominal Complaint, and after Operations. A lady writes:—"I never had anything that gave such comfort and support." Prices from 10s. Write for list and testimonials to Dept. 23, E. SCALES & CO., Corset Specialists, Newark-on-Trent, ENGLAND.

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Once on the paper it dries a bluish tint, which by a chemical change due to the action of the air soon turns to a jet black.

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Made by Thos. De La Rue & Co., London, E.C.

Onoto Ink

Sold in improved glass bottles, easy to hold, easy to pour out; no risk of spill or breakage.

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WHEN the sun is hot—freckling your brow, turning and browning your cheeks and hands, you should do as the beautiful women do in Vienna and Paris and London, in Berlin and in St. Petersburg, as beautiful women do wherever they may be—use Valaze Skinfood and Beautifier. It will reclaim the freckled brow, will dispel tan and sallowness, restore the whiteness of the cheek and bring back the softness and suppleness of the skin; it will also refine the skin's texture and prevent the inroads of lines and wrinkles.

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The price of Valaze is 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 21s. a jar. It is supplied only by Madame Helena Rubinstein, the world-renowned beauty culturist, at her Maison de Beauté Valaze.

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Into this marvellous preparation have been worked, with consummate skill and precision, ingredients which rebuff the chemical properties of the blue and violet rays of the sun, which are the real cause of the mischief. By rubbing a little of the cream into the skin one is enabled to go out riding, motoring or boating, to expose one's face and hands to the sun's scorching heat, and to return home with the complexion as

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Other specialities particularly recommended for summer use are:—Valaze Herbal Powder, for greasy and normal skins, 3s., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. a box; Novena Poudre, for dry skins, 3s., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. a box; Valaze Complexion Soap, made of rare herbs and almonds, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a cake; Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, is an unfailing speciality for blackheads, open pores, coarseness and greasiness of the skin, price 3s. 6d.; Valaze Snow Lotion, a superb Viennese liquid powder for normal skins, at 4s., 7s., and 10s. 6d. a bottle; the same, "Special," for greasy skins, at 7s. 6d., 15s., and 21s. a bottle; Valaze Liquidine overcomes many undesirable conditions, amongst which are enlarged pores, blackheads, undue flushing of nose and face, and oiliness of the skin, by stimulating and thoroughly cleansing the pores and producing a finer and more healthy cuticle, 10s. 6d. and 21s. a bottle.

Mme. Rubinstein's mode of obliteration of lines and deep wrinkles, the correction of dryness, greasiness, muddiness, or blotchiness of skin, the methods to improve the colouring of the complexion, the process of treating undue redness of nose and cheek carried on by her at her famous Maisons de Beauté Valaze, 24 Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W., and 255 Rue St. Honoré, Paris, are as near perfection as can be attained by competent and skilled human efforts.

For description of exclusive preparations, treatments, and methods, write for Madame Rubinstein's remarkable book, "Beauty in the Making." It will be sent to you post free on condition only that you mention that you are a reader of this magazine.

All orders and inquiries should be addressed to MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN personally, at the MAISON DE BEAUTÉ VALAZE, 24 GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.

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WILL YOU give up one evening a week, or send along a donation and do your part towards turning the dream into a reality?—10/- will give a poor child a fortnight's holiday. Send for report of this splendid work to:

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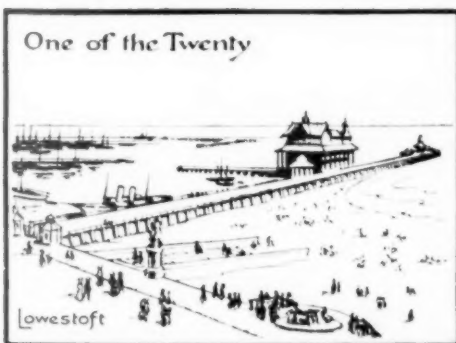
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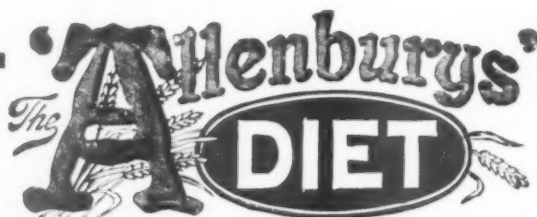
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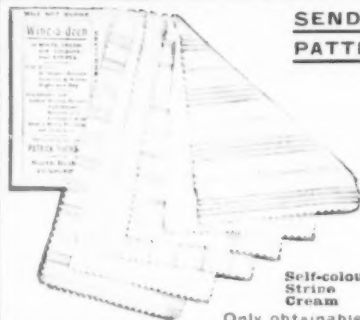
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Place be on unt the, where thou art
 May life be for thee one summers day
 And all that thou wilt and all that thou art
 Come sailing around the sunny way
 T. Moore 1864



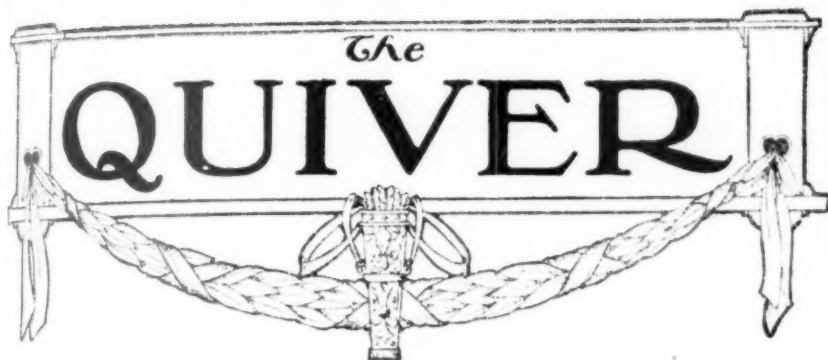


(Photo. L. J. B. 1911)

"Mid savage rocks and seas of snow that shine
Between interminable tracts of pine."—WORDSWORTH.

(See "In the Austrian Alps," page 49.)

The QUIVER



VOL. XLVII., No. 10

AUGUST, 1912

Dicky Johnny

A Complete Story

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgregor," etc.

I

AFTER but little delay the total earthly possessions of Richard Temple and Joanna, his wife—two of the victims of the *Urania* disaster on the Australian coast—had been found to consist of forty thousand shares in the Hero Copper Mining Company, and a little boy called Dicky Johnny. It had further been discovered, after the least possible additional delay, that nobody wanted to buy the shares at any price, and that no one seemed desirous of taking the little boy as a gift.

The lawyer in charge, an old friend of the dead man's, had locked the unsaleable scrip in his safe and written a letter to Mr. Winston Temple, the boy's oldest uncle. The ultimate result of that letter was the present gathering of the boy's uncles and aunts—they did not make a large company—in Mr. Winston Temple's library, a somewhat gloomy storeroom of learning.

The host sat at his writing-table, his left hand in his trousers pocket, his right fidgeting with a spring paper-clip. He was a man of near fifty, big, powerful, almost handsome. His coldish grey eyes surveyed his relatives—a brother, two sisters, two mothers-in-law and a sister-in-law, also a cousin, a widower.

"Well," he said, breaking a silence, "has no one any suggestions to offer? Henry, you had better speak first."

Henry Temple, a meagre person compared with the elder brother, moved uneasily on his chair, cleared his throat, glanced at his wife, and shook his head. His wife spoke. She was a fair, slim woman with a certain hard beauty.

"I do not see that we can suggest anything, Winston," she said. "I presume you wish to find a home for the poor unfortunate boy, but you know that Henry's health—"

"Agatha," said Winston, "have you anything to propose?"

His elder sister hesitated and looked at her husband, John Rogers.

"So far as I am concerned," said he, "the boy would be quite welcome to stay with us, for a time; but as you are aware, Agatha and I have no abiding place at present. It is almost certain that we shall have to make a trip to Ceylon before many weeks have passed. I had hoped to settle at home for good, but things out there are not moving just as one could desire, and—" His voice trailed off through a mumble into silence.

"And you, Adela, have your own five

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children," said Winston. "No doubt your hands are full enough."

"I don't see why the poor little beggar shouldn't come to us," said Adela's fat and cheerful consort.

Adela frowned at him. "I shouldn't mind the trouble a bit," she said to her brother, "but the boy has been brought up in a way that I never could approve of, and even for poor, dear Richard's sake, I do not see that I should be justified in letting my own children run serious risks of—of—"

"Quite so," said Winston quietly, allowing the paper-clip to shut with a snap. "I shall take the boy here until I can send him to school."

Several of the company nodded, and someone said, "That is very good of you, Winston." Then everybody sat up in the way that people sit up in church after a very long prayer. The matter had been nicely settled, and their consciences could take a nap. And, after all, Winston was only doing his duty as the head of the connection.

"How old is the boy?" The question was asked softly, though abruptly, by the widower. His presence had caused some wonderment at the beginning of the meeting, but had thereafter been ignored, and Winston had not thought it worth while explaining that his cousin had invited himself to the meeting.

"Between five and six, I believe, Thomas," Winston replied.

"Have you any idea of what he is like?" The cousin, a dark, sad-eyed man of perhaps forty, glanced rather shyly round the company. He had nothing in common with the Temples save relationship.

No one had any idea. Richard Temple and his wife had been wanderers and had broken modern conventions pretty freely. Moreover, Richard was adjudged to have married beneath him; his relatives had received his choice but coldly on the only occasion of meeting her, and had presumed Richard to be ashamed of his choice because he had not brought her to see them a second time. As a matter of fact, Richard had been ashamed of his relations, or, at all events, of their manners.

There was a silence until the cousin inquired when the boy was expected to arrive.

"The steamer is due to-morrow about

noon," Winston replied. "I have arranged to meet it and thank the people—I forget their names—for bringing Richard John from Australia. I have already written to thank those who took care of him there after the wreck."

"Poor little chap! He must have had an awful time," murmured Adela, and the other women and one of the men made sympathetic sounds.

"With your permission," said the widower, "I shall be glad to give the boy a home and do my best to bring him up."

He paused for a moment, but no one spoke; even Winston was unprepared.

"I can promise for him only the plainest of living, but I will endeavour to secure his health, give him a decent education, and—some happiness."

Winston laid the paper-clip carefully on his desk.

"This is exceedingly good of you, Thomas," he said, with a kindness that scarcely covered the surprise and relief in his voice.

Without giving time for further remarks, Thomas continued: "But if you accept my offer, I must ask you all to entrust me with the guardianship—the sole guardianship—of the boy. I—I wish him to be just as if he were my own. Now I shall go into the next room, and you can let me know when you have come to a decision." He rose and passed to the door. There he halted. "You quite understand," he said in a low voice, "that I require entire charge of the boy." He bowed slightly and went out.

They did not keep him waiting long in the next room.

II

SEVEN years ago Thomas Nairn had succeeded, chiefly for his wife's sake, in becoming a fairly prosperous man of business. But even as he was beginning to realise his success, his wife died ere their child was born. Energy failed as at the snapping of a live wire; ambition collapsed like a rent balloon. For a few years longer Thomas continued in the City, buying and selling in a listless, half-hearted fashion, unmoved, barely interested by his clerk's reports and statements of steadily dwindling profits; then, lest he should bring about the ruin of others as well as himself, he caused his affairs to



"With your permission," said the widower, "I shall be glad to give the boy a home and do my best to bring him up."

he wound up and, with what little capital remained to him, left the City, neither glad nor regretful.

In a far county, near the drowsy village of Alvarley that he had known slightly in his boyhood, he established himself in a little cottage possessed of a large garden. His early youth had been lived among gardens; years of town life had not stifled his love and knowledge of flowers; throughout all his struggling after money he had never relinquished the hope of making for his wife, and for his children, a home in the midst of a great garden away from the stir and stress of modern existence. Then, to be sure, he had not thought of Alvarley; had he thought of it then, he would now have made his hermitage elsewhere. But Alvarley contained in itself no poignant memory of his beloved, and offered such peace as is possible for those who must ever find memories in a blue sky, a perfume of violets, a bird's song.

At first it was enough that he should behold lovely things responding to his own labour and that of the assistant whom he employed. But as time went on, as he perceived how excellent was the soil, how suitable the exposure of his garden, he began to ask himself if he might not go farther and sell flowers as well as grow them. The idea gripped him, though it was the desire to extend his operations rather than the wish to make money that prevented him shaking it off. So when the first winter came he invested a portion of his capital in additional ground and a cluster of glass-houses. Perhaps he sank too much money, for the three summers that followed resulted in losses more serious than he could well afford. Yet he gradually secured a sure market for his wares, and the present summer, so far as it had gone, gave promise of at least a tiny balance on the right side.

"I've got to make a profit now, anyway,"

THE QUIVER

said Thomas to himself as he filled his pipe by the door of the cottage.

It was near eight o'clock, and he had been out since five that fine July morning. But he had done less supervision and work than usual. In one of the glass-houses he had allowed a whole hour to slip by without touching the job he had intended to complete; and then he had gone to the sweet-pea garden to give the man there certain instructions, and had come away without delivering any instructions whatsoever. And now he suddenly realised that he was filling his pipe without any intention of smoking it. He returned it and the pouch to his pocket, and moving to the cottage door, opened it cautiously.

Presently he entered the little hall and went on tiptoe to the kitchen. In answer to his whispered inquiry, Mary, his housekeeper, who had known him from boyhood, shook her head. He turned, but hesitated at the door.

"Won't ye go up, sir?" she said. "He's maybe stirrin' now, though he was sound ten minutes back."

"It would be a pity to wake him," said Thomas; "he must be very tired after the long journey yesterday." Nevertheless, he bent down and unlaced his heavy boots and, having removed them, went softly up the narrow stairs. On the landing were two doors. That on the left was ajar, and, after peeping in, he pushed it open and entered.

"Good morning, Dicky," he said, and there was a deal of diffidence in his voice, although he and the person addressed had become good friends the previous afternoon. "I hope you have slept well," he went on. "I—I hope I didn't disturb you."

The little boy in the big bed sat up; his bewildered stare became a smile of welcome.

"I forgot you was Mr. Thomas," he said; "I mean Uncle Tom." He put his hand in the man's and lifted his face.

Rather bashfully, Thomas kissed the rosy cheek and said, "Are you hungry? Would you like to get up now?"

"It's a nicer bed than on the steamer," the boy replied, looking reflective; "but I'm awful hungry, too."

"Would you like to eat something before you get up, Dick?"

The boy nodded. "But you promised to call me Dicky Johnny if I called you Uncle Tom."

"So I did. What would you like to eat?"

"Something very nice."

"I don't want you to spoil your proper breakfast," said Thomas, touching the tousled yellow hair. "I believe Mary has picked some strawberries. How would that do, Dicky Johnny?"

"Oh, jolly! *With sugar and cream?*"

"Certainly." Thomas went to the stair-head and called some instructions to his housekeeper in a somewhat apologetic tone of voice. Only the day before he had arranged with her that the young guest's food should be wholesome, but as plain as possible. "And we must *begin* with plain things," he had said, "so that the boy won't expect anything else." But now Mary chuckled as she abstracted the cream jug from the breakfast table, and it was with a sort of triumphant air that she bore the tray to the bedside.

Dicky Johnny insisted on giving her a kiss, and she retired in more subdued fashion than she had come, for she knew his story. Yet for the present the boy's blue eyes were clear and his red lips smiling. The long voyage, with its incidents and kindly people, had been the most merciful thing possible after his bereavement, and Thomas, who had dreaded meeting a poor little, grief-worn creature at the landing stage, had been unspeakably relieved, only, however, to be assailed by misgivings as to his ability to make the immediate future entertaining enough for the child. For that the grief was only dormant Thomas could not doubt; a single hour had been long enough for him to discover the intensely affectionate nature under the boyish exterior, and until Dicky Johnny was sound asleep he had feared for a breakdown.

The boy, listening to a description of the flower-nursery, made short work of his feast, and announced his desire to get up.

"Can you **put** on your clothes by yourself?" asked Thomas.

"Of course! All but some."

"I'll tell Mary to come up and help you."

"No, no," said Dicky Johnny. "You."

Thomas felt pleased. "And what about your bath? Shall I—"

The boy slipped out of bed. "Come on! I'll not splash you, Uncle Tom."

"You had better not!" said Thomas almost gaily, and led the way to the pretty little bath-room which he had added to the cottage.

DICKY JOHNNY

It was a merry five minutes that followed. But when the small body was wrapped in the big towel preparatory to being dried, something seemed to clutch painfully at the man's heart.

"Don't squeeze me so hard," protested Dicky Johnny.

"I beg your pardon," said Thomas awkwardly. "You see I—I'm not used to bathing little boys," he went on with an effort, "though I'm very glad to learn."

"Are you? I don't think you'll take very long to learn, Uncle Tom."

"Thank you. Are you sure you wouldn't rather have Mary?"

"No, no," replied Dicky Johnny, throwing moist arms round the other's neck. "You."

"I—I think I've always wanted to bath a little boy," said Thomas, with an unsteady smile, "and I'm very glad you're going to stay with me, Dicky Johnny."

"So am I. I'm glad I'm not going to stay with my other uncle—the real uncle—that came to meet me at the steamer."

"I shouldn't say that if I were you. Your Uncle Winston could give you far nicer things than I can. You don't know him, or you might prefer him to me."

Dicky Johnny shook his head. "I don't think I could love him very dearly," he said gravely. "Now I'm dry."

They went back to the bedroom and had great fun. Thomas's mistakes—partly intentional—with regard to the donning of the small garments, tickled the boy, whose laughter set the woman downstairs chuckling and murmuring, "'Tis a different house already!" And Thomas, behaving in a perfectly distracted fashion, added absurdity to absurdity, till the little chap fairly reeled with amusement. But at last everything was put on the right way, and they went downstairs, the boy riding piggy-back (his own suggestion) to breakfast.

After a cheerful meal Thomas proposed a visit to the flowers.

"Have you got any water tanks in the glass-houses?" his guest inquired. "And water hoses?"

"I have. You shall see them also."

"Shall I get playing with them?"

"I dare say that can be arranged," said Thomas, who a couple of hours earlier had definitely made up his mind not to allow

any "messaging about" with water. "I am going to give you a little garden of your own, too," he added.

"But I want to help you, Uncle Tom."

"I've no doubt you will, my boy," said Thomas gently. "We'll help each other, eh?"

Dicky Johnny nodded. "Right you are!" he said brightly.

They passed into the sunny garden, the small hand in the big one.

"Which flowers do you like best?" the boy inquired.

"Do you know, I never can be quite sure; I'm fond of so many. Which do you like best, Dicky Johnny?"

Dicky Johnny surveyed the part of the garden visible from where they stood.

"Come," he said, "and I'll show you." He led his host to a great bed of pansies.

"Ah," said Thomas, "sometimes I think they are my favourites, too! Take a few if you would like them." He had intended warning his guest against plucking any flower without permission.

"I'll just take one." After some deliberation the boy made his choice. He brought the flower to his host. "Do you know," he said, "that a pansy has three small faces in it?"

"I believe I've heard of such a thing," Thomas returned, smiling. "Yes; I can see them."

"Well, it's just a small family. There's the mother, and there's the daddy, and there's the little one. And they're always together, and——" The pansy fell to the ground.

Thomas saw the change come upon the young face; he saw it quiver as though actually smitten; he saw it whiten with memory and redden with grief. And ere the cry of desolation burst forth he was on his knees beside the child. But Dicky Johnny refused the kindly arms, tore himself from them, and cast himself upon the earth. Oh, agony in a garden! Oh, bleak sorrow under a brilliant sun! Oh, man and child, alike helpless—helpless as flowers before a tempest!

Thomas Nairn, his heart seeming to break, almost as it had broken seven years before, knelt by the small heaving body, a light hand upon it. Perhaps words would have been useless then. Even so, Thomas had none to utter.

THE QUIVER

Not very long as clock-ticks would have recorded it, but age-long as heart-beats told it, was this storm of childish grief; and it left the boy exhausted. He offered no resistance when Thomas, himself white and shaken, took him in his arms and bore him to the cottage and to his own (Thomas's) bed. The sobs had died to gasping breaths when Thomas, having drawn the green blinds, seated himself by the bedside and tenderly sponged the tear-stained face. That finished, he began to talk softly, soothingly, of the things they would do and see in Alvarley; of the picnics they would go, of the little creatures of wood and moor and stream, also of an occasional trip to the neighbouring town and its shops. He did not cease until he deemed his charge asleep.

But Dicky Johnny was still awake. He stretched out his hand to touch the man's.

"Are you lonesome, too?" he whispered.

Thomas drew in his breath. Then he bowed till his black head, streaked with grey, lay on the pillow beside the fair one, and put his arm round the lithe body.

"Not so lonesome as I was, dear little man; not so lonesome," he murmured.

A short pause, and then the faint question, "Is it 'cause of me, Uncle Tom?"

"Because of you, Dicky Johnny. It's just as if I had been wanting you always."

"I'm glad it's 'cause of me. This is a nicer bed than mine."

"D'you think so?" Thomas tried to blow his nose and wipe his eyes at the same time.

"Yes. Don't you like having a little boy to sleep with you? I don't kick—much, Uncle Tom."

"You don't care about sleeping alone?"

"Not when I'm lonesome."

"Ah! but you and I are not going to be lonesome any more. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get you a new little bed for yourself, and I'll put it beside this one, so that you can climb into this one whenever you like. Will that do?"

Dicky Johnny's arms went round his neck.

"I think I love you very dearly," he said.

A little later he fell asleep, for he had not got over the excitements and journeyings of the previous day.

Thomas left him in Mary's care and went out to seek his foreman. Having found him, he took him over to the pansy bed.

"Peter," he said, "I wish you to have them all removed at once. Do what you like with them, but there must be no pansies in the nursery this season."

The man stared at him. "Ye don't mean——" he began.

"By two o'clock," said Thomas, and hurried away to look out a new length of hose for Dicky Johnny's delectation in the afternoon.

III

BUT Thomas, with all his big, soft heart, was not a fool; nor was Dicky Johnny, with all his affectionate nature and winsome ways, anything but an ordinary human boy, prone to mischief and capable of rebellion. The twain had loved at first sight, so to speak, but they had still to get to know and understand each other. Not vague but very definite were the responsibilities which the man had put upon his conscience; he had taken charge of the child, body, mind, and soul; he had set himself the task of guiding and protecting Dicky Johnny for many years to come, and of providing, in some measure, for his future. And it was the least he could do, he told himself, in return for the gift of the boy, whose coming had uplifted his whole being, whose presence made his house a home and his garden a nursery indeed. It was not possible that Dicky Johnny should be uninfluenced by the intense love and unwavering care surrounding him; though perhaps their effect was less visible in a decrease of misdeeds than in the penitence, often passionate, which surely followed. Happily, the easy indulgence of his lost parents had not rendered him either greedy or selfish, and he was quick to perceive another's hurt. The not infrequent clashings of will between Thomas and himself involved no ugly wounds.

The summer was a bright and busy one for both. By labouring early and late Thomas contrived to devote himself to Dicky Johnny's health and happiness without neglecting other interests. Moreover, he came out of his hermitage and made friends with the doctor and minister so that the boy might make friends with their children, and ere long he surprised the villagers, and himself, by undertaking, single-handed, the charge and entertainment of half-a-dozen boisterous youngsters

DICKY JOHNNY

at picnics and other outings. As for Mary, the housekeeper, she hugged her bulky self and chuckled because of the light that had come into the life of the man whom she had served from boyhood, and praised God because Dicky Johnny graciously allowed her to take her master's place at the bath once a week.

Yes, it was a bright and busy summer at Alvarley—while in their homes or holiday quarters, a couple of hundred miles away, Dicky Johnny's aunts and real uncles concerned themselves with their own affairs; while a bundle of scrip reposed in a City lawyer's safe; while in far North Queensland men toiled in a mine and a manager grew sick of his job. . . .

When autumn came and the rush of outdoor work slackened, Thomas found time to go into his accounts. It was late one night when he struck a balance, and the first thing he did after verifying his figures was to go softly upstairs. As was only to be expected, Dicky Johnny was sleeping soundly; nevertheless, Thomas sighed because he could not share the good news there and then.

In the morning Thomas announced a holiday. They would take train to the nearest town, and—

"And what shall we do there?" inquired Dicky Johnny, who, like other children, preferred definite anticipations to possible surprises.

"You shall buy anything you like, and choose what we shall have for dinner," said Thomas recklessly. "And I want to buy some little books," he added, "because soon I'm going to begin to give you lessons, so that you'll be ready for school next year."

It was a merry day. The only part of it that did not much interest the boy was a visit to a bank where Thomas opened an account, in the name of Richard John Temple, with a hundred pounds, the bulk of the season's profits.

"You've brought me luck, Dicky Johnny," he said at dinner. "There is no reason why we should not have a fine florist business before long."

"Yes," said Dicky Johnny; "and you'll help me to sail my new steamer in the big tank, won't you, Uncle Tom?"

"Rather!" assented Thomas, who was in high spirits. "We have good times together, don't we, old man?"



"Mary chuckled as she abstracted the cream jug from the breakfast table, and it was with a sort of triumphant air that she bore the tray to the bedside"—p. 916.

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The boy, his mouth being full, nodded emphatically.

"And you don't wish you lived with any other uncle?"

A vigorous shake of the yellow head almost satisfied Thomas.

"And we're going to stick to each other always, eh, Dicky Johnny?" he asked softly.

Dicky Johnny laid down his spoon and shoved his hand into Thomas's.

Which was all that Thomas wanted.

With the exception of one childish ailment, which troubled Thomas far more than the patient, life at the cottage went on smoothly and cheerfully, and the year drew to its close. Christmas, of course, had to be properly celebrated, and Thomas took delight in providing treats for the boy and his young friends.

On Christmas Eve there arrived by post several parcels directed to Master Richard John Temple. They were from aunts and uncles whose names even were not familiar to him; but they contained handsome presents for a little boy to receive. Thomas was surprised, but gratified. He wrote warmly grateful acknowledgments on the boy's behalf and his own. Ere the year ended he got a reply from his cousin Adela, inviting Dicky to spend a few weeks at her home; she, her husband and her children would be delighted to have the little fellow and would make his stay as happy as possible. Again Thomas was surprised, but now he was more troubled than gratified. The visit might be good for Dicky Johnny; it might mean much happiness. He, Thomas, had no right to refuse it, though the very idea of it hurt him. He told the boy all he knew—which was not a great deal—about Aunt Adela, her home, and her children, being very careful to say nothing that might seem unattractive to the young mind. But Dicky Johnny refused absolutely to visit Aunt Adela or anybody else. Wherefore Thomas, his heart relieved but his mind not altogether easy, sent the nicest answer he could write in the circumstances.

A week later came a note from Winston Temple, mildly remonstrative. Had Thomas considered Richard's interests in giving way to Richard's childish inclinations? It had been exceedingly good of Adela to invite the boy, and he, Winston, was sure

the boy would enjoy himself once he were in her home. Adela, he understood, left the invitation open. Would not Thomas reconsider the matter, and write within a week?

Thomas, while resenting this letter, did honestly reconsider the matter, and sought to induce Dicky Johnny to do the same. But now Dicky Johnny became alarmed.

Late one night Thomas found him sobbing.

"What is it, old man, what is it?"

"Oh, Uncle Tom, don't send me away from you; don't let them take me away."

"Not likely!" said Thomas, husky with the lump in his throat.

* * * * *

Far away in North Queensland men still toiled in a mine, but a manager gave a dinner to an engineer. And not so far away a City lawyer stood at his open safe, holding—nay, clutching—a bundle of scrip. . . .

IV

"YES," said Winston Temple, stretching his feet to the parlour fire, "it's a weary journey, but I felt a talk with you, Thomas, would be better than much writing. You got my wire, of course."

"Thank you. You might have allowed me to offer you some hospitality. Mary is quite capable, you know."

"I'm sure she is. However, I didn't want to disturb your arrangements more than I could help, so I dined on the express."

"Must you go back to-night?"

"Unfortunately, yes. But I shall sleep on board. Is Richard John gone to bed?"

"Nearly two hours ago."

"I should like to have seen him," said Winston, lighting a cigar, after offering his case to Thomas, who shook his head. "Yes; I should like to have made his better acquaintance. I must hope to do so in the near future, Thomas."

Thomas stooped from his chair and poked the fire which was not requiring attention. Ever since the arrival of the telegram he had been possessed by indefinable forebodings, tormented by the question, "What can Winston want with me that he should take such a journey?"

"We all hope to make his better acquaintance shortly," the smooth voice of the visitor continued. "And we shall not forget how exceedingly good you have been to Richard John."

DICKY JOHNNY

Methodically Thomas put the poker in its place, and raised himself slowly till his eyes rested on the other's bland countenance. Moistening his lips, he said—

"What exactly are you speaking about, Winston? I think my letters made it quite clear that Dicky Johnny could not pay any visits—in the meantime, at any rate. When he is older, and when I have more leisure, we shall be very glad to take a trip to your city and see you all. It will be only right that he should make the acquaintance of his relatives—as soon as possible. But at present—"

Winston gave his cigar a little wave in the air. "My dear Thomas," he said, "my object in this visit is to induce you to let Richard come to us with the least possible delay—say within a week—"

"That is impossible!"

"Any outfit he requires shall be provided on his arrival. It is not necessary for you to trouble—"

"Stop, if you please!" There was a curious light in the eyes of Thomas. "I am sorry you have taken such a journey on such a mission, Winston, for I must tell you quite frankly that nothing will induce me to let Dicky Johnny go against his desire—"

"He is too young to be allowed to decide such a matter."

"He is old enough to know when he is happy. Besides, he is in my charge."

Winston flicked the ash from his cigar. "My dear Thomas," he said calmly, "there is really no necessity for either of us to show any heat in this discussion. I have come here as your friend and as the boy's friend also. If you will listen to me for a few minutes—"

"Why do you want the boy now?"

"If you will listen to me, I shall try to explain."

Thomas threw himself back in his chair. "Go on," he said, shortly.

"In the first place," began Winston, eyeing the glow of his cigar, "I am ready to admit—we are all ready to admit—that eight months ago we agreed that you should have charge of Richard. But I hope you will be equally ready to admit that such an agreement—such a simply verbal and friendly agreement—need not be continued in the face of—or—altered circumstances." He paused, but his cousin merely tightened his lips.

He continued: "In the second place, Thomas, you will admit that we have got to consider the boy's future in a practical fashion; we have no right to let sentiment interfere—"

"I have considered the boy's future in a practical fashion, and shall continue to do so," said Thomas, stiffly. "I am not a rich man, Winston, but I have enough for us both. My private income is small, but the nursery has begun to pay. Already I have been able to set aside money for Dicky Johnny; and I may add that when he came to me I increased my life insurance, so that whatever happens to me, he shall be provided for."

"You have been exceedingly generous," murmured Winston. "As I said, we shall not forget—"

"It was the least I could do," Thomas interrupted, "the least I could do—after your giving Dicky Johnny to me."

Winston bowed. "Is it not putting it a little strongly to call it *giving*?" he inquired softly. "But even if you insist on the word, you will not deny the possibility of a—er—gift being made without due reflection and consideration. You remember how hurriedly everything was done, Thomas? Please understand that we take all responsibility for the error, and that none of us shall ever forget how you—"

"Man," cried Thomas, "what are you driving at? Do you, or the others, fancy that Dicky Johnny is not safe with me? Have I not shown you that he is provided for sufficiently, if not luxuriously? And here he has the best life a child could have. He has his young friends to play with, and Mary is almost a mother to him; his existence is spent among clean and lovely things. And his education is not going to be neglected. I have begun it myself in a small way. Next year he will have lessons with the doctor's and the minister's children. The year following—"

"My dear Thomas, I have never doubted your doing your utmost for Richard. At the same time, I must bid you ask yourself whether such an upbringing is the right one for a boy in Richard's position?"

Under his cousin's stare the eyes of the speaker dropped.

"Richard's position!"

Winston's smile was bland. "You do not read the papers carefully, so I must

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explain. Perhaps I ought to have explained at the outset, but I desired to learn how much you knew." He cleared his throat. "When my poor brother was lost, he left practically nothing but forty thousand shares in the Hero Copper Mining Company, which——"

"Were not worth the paper they were printed on. I know all about that, Winston. I am quite aware that anything else that the boy's father left barely covered his liabilities."

"Yes; as you say, the shares were not worth the paper they were printed on—*then*; *now*, however, they are worth considerably more. The mine has turned out remarkably well—as much as twenty per cent. copper, I've been told. Before Christmas the shares had touched nearly ten shillings; to-day they were done at forty-five. We are of opinion that they ought to be sold now, and a suggestion has been sent to Kerman, the lawyer, whom my brother had made his executor. No doubt he will agree that it is the right thing to do. He seemed to have private information of the mine, otherwise we should have pressed him to sell before now. But as things have turned out, the delay has been quite advantageous. They will fetch over a hundred thousand pounds. *That*, Thomas, is Richard's position, to-day. By the time he comes of age——" With a small laugh, Winston threw out his hands.

Thomas was pale. "It is very wonderful," he said softly, as if to himself. "I must see to it that Dicky Johnny becomes a man capable of bearing such a great responsibility. Very wonderful!" he whispered, and sat gazing at the fire as though he were alone in the room.

Winston frowned in a puzzled manner. It was hardly the reception he had anticipated for his startling news. But possibly his cousin was stunned. "So of course you must see," he said at last, "that the position, not only of Richard, but of us all, has altered tremendously since that meeting in my house. We must all take our share in fitting Richard for the important future that lies before him. You agree with me, do you not, Thomas?"

Thomas passed his hand across his forehead. Then, suddenly, he seemed to take a grip of himself. He faced his cousin.

"No," he said firmly, "I do not see that

anyone's position, save Dicky Johnny's, has changed."

"You mean," said Winston, "that you do not accept the proposals of the boy's nearest relations?"

"I mean to hold to the agreement that the boy's nearest relations made with me eight months ago."

There was a silence. The faces of both men had hardened, but Winston's was hard to harshness. He spoke first.

"You had better take time to realise the situation. You have nothing to gain by attempting to keep the boy here."

Thomas flushed. "You have neither right nor reason to make such a suggestion. So far as the boy's fortune is concerned, the sooner you have it placed in charge of the Public Trustee the better I'll be pleased. Dicky Johnny is my care until he comes of age. Man, you drive me to remind you of how easily you all parted with him eight months ago. Do you think I am going to let you have him now?"

All blandness had departed from Winston Temple.

"I'm afraid it is not a matter for you to decide," he began viciously. "There is the law——"

Thomas stiffened. "There is justice, too, I hope. But I'll fight you to my last farthing——"

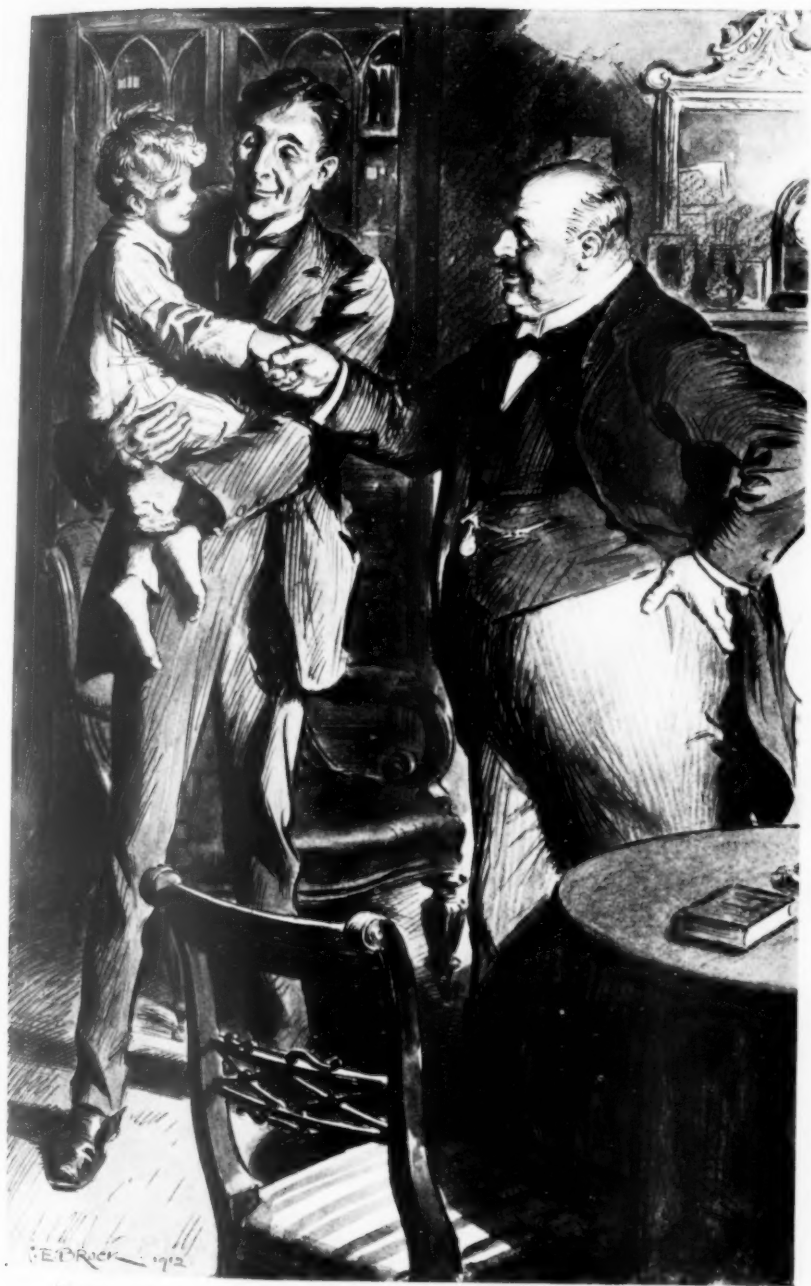
"It will probably cost you that before you lose."

There was no reply, for fear fell upon Thomas. After all, what claim had he over Dicky Johnny? Even had he a claim, would he be justified in exercising it?

"Yes," said Winston coldly, "you had better take time to think it over—say a week from to-day—though I imagine you will see things in a more reasonable light by to-morrow. I regret that you should not have received my proposal in a more friendly spirit, but I must endeavour to make allowances——"

"Man," cried Thomas, "don't you understand that—that the boy is everything to me?"

The other's face softened slightly. "Well, Thomas, you must not let your heart get the better of your head—for the boy's sake." He rose. "I trust everything may be amicably settled this day week. You can either bring Richard to us, or, if it suits you better, his Aunt Adela will come here



"'Shake hands with our good friend, Mr. Gordon,' he said. 'He's not an uncle'"—p. 925.

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for him." He held out his hand. "Let us end this painful interview. I shall sit in the inn until my train is due."

"I cannot ask you to stay, nor can I shake hands with you," said Thomas hoarsely, and turned away to open the door.

Without further words they parted, these two cousins who had never been real friends. But to-night they had got a glimpse of each other's souls, and there was hatred and contempt between them.

* * * * *

Dicky Johnny lay snug in his little bed, cuddling his bear. In the dim illumination of a night-light Thomas gazed upon him.

"My God!" whispered the man. "What am I to do?"

V

AND throughout the week that followed he did nothing. Stay, he wrote a letter to an old friend in the City who had always remembered him at Christmas.

Happily spring that year was early, the weather brilliant, and Dicky Johnny could spend most of his waking hours out of doors. Nevertheless, the boy was perplexed.

On the morning of the eighth day he came to Thomas, who was writing a letter. He snuggled against the man's side.

"Uncle Tom, please?"

"Yes, Dicky Johnny."

"Are you—feeling—lonesome?"

Thomas winced. "What makes you ask that, Dicky Johnny?"

"'Cause I'm feeling—lonesome, too."

Thomas dropped the pen, and took the boy on his knee.

"Don't you think it would be a good plan," he said steadily, "for us to go away in the train to see all your aunts and uncles?"

Dicky Johnny burst into tears. Perhaps he could not have told why he wept. But it had been a perplexing week, and a child's trouble is not necessarily small just because it happens to be vague. He did not know what was wrong; but he knew that something was not right. He clung to his protector.

"I would take you safely to them," said Thomas, miserably, "and perhaps later on—"

"No, no; I don't want to go. I want to stay here."

Just then the only mail of the day arrived, Mary entered with the letters, and went out

with tears in her eyes because Dicky Johnny had had tears in his.

Thomas made a hasty inspection of the three envelopes. Nothing from Winston! Another day of suspense—another night!

"I don't want to go, Uncle Tom," sobbed the boy.

Thomas held him close. "Dicky Johnny," he whispered, "supposing you and I went away together in a big steamer, *not* to see anybody, but just to enjoy ourselves—how would that do?"

After a short silence Dicky Johnny mumbled, "You wouldn't ever leave me, would you?"

"No, indeed."

"Then I think I'd like going in the big steamer." Dicky Johnny dried his eyes on Thomas's shoulder. "When shall we go, Uncle Tom?"

"Perhaps quite soon. And neither of us must feel lonesome now, eh?"

"I won't, if you don't," said the boy, "'cause I love you so very dearly. Was you crying, too?"

"All right now," said Thomas, setting him down. "Run out to the garden, and I'll be after you as soon as I finish this letter."

"Don't be long," the youngster replied cheerfully, from the door.

It was a wild idea that had come to Thomas. Surely his heart had got the better of his head. For now he was determined that Dicky Johnny should not be taken from him a day sooner than he could help, and he was prepared to run away with the boy to the uttermost parts of the earth in order that he might possess his treasure a little longer. Nay; he would not surrender his charge until captured, or until his money was all spent. And so he completed his letter to a shipping firm that ran steamers to New Zealand.

But when he went out to the garden Dicky Johnny caught his hand and begged that they should not go anywhere.

"Why do you want to go away, Uncle Tom, when it's so nice here?"

Poor Thomas had nothing to say. Yet he posted the letter, wondering desperately what he should do if Adela arrived within the next four days. Then he went and told Mary, who broke down completely and so disheartened him that he sent a second letter to the shipping office cancelling the first.

DICKY JOHNNY

He was powerless, he told himself—utterly powerless.

Three days more went past, without bringing any communication, threatening or otherwise, from Winston. Nor did another letter that Thomas had expected, or hoped for, come to hand. The man was distracted.

"Dickie Johnny," he said on the evening of the third day, "would you mind if Mary bathed you to-night? I—I don't feel very fit."

"Don't be lonesome again," said Dicky Johnny, kissing him; "it makes me cry inside."

"All right, old man! I'll come up and see you after you're in bed."

"And we don't need to go away anywhere, after all?"

"No; we shall stay at home as long as possible. Off you go to Mary."

Left to himself Thomas went out to the garden, where already the promise of the year was apparent. What promise had it for him? What were a million flowers to the face of a child? The dusk was falling. Thomas felt beaten and utterly broken. In all probability there would be word from Winston in the morning, and Adela would follow. Certainly the parting could not be much longer delayed.

As Thomas strolled towards the gate to the main road, it was opened by a man whom he took to be a gardener coming to tend the firing of the hot-houses. A few seconds later he was holding out his hand and exclaiming in astonishment:

"Why, Gordon, is it really you?"

"Just me," said the other, a little stout man, giving him a hearty grip. "Good of you to recognise me after all these years. I had been away, and only got your letter yesterday. I—I thought I had better answer it in person."

"Man, I'm grateful, but what a distance to come!" said Thomas, hurrying his guest to the house. "We'll have supper immediately."

"The fact is," said Gordon nervously, "the thing was too big to write about. And—I say, look here, Nairn, let me tell you my story before we do anything else."

"Bad news, I suppose?" murmured Thomas wearily.

"Yes; it's pretty bad." Then, after a pause, Gordon went on: "Well, as I said, I

didn't get your letter till yesterday. It asked me to see Kerman, the lawyer, and, if possible, find out certain things about your cousin, the late Richard Temple, and the legal position of an orphan——"

"Yes, yes, Gordon; but please tell me——"

"Well, I couldn't see Kerman, because he was—he has—absconded."

"Absconded!"

"Appears to have been gambling for years. Lost everything—his own fortune and other people's. They talk of a million of liabilities and no assets. He had one of the best practices in the City. There was a big story in the papers this morning." Gordon paused, and looked at his host in amazement. "What's the matter, Nairn? Pull yourself together, man! Don't laugh! I just want to say that if you or your friends have been really badly hit by this business, I'm not without a bit to spare. That's why I came."

Thomas did not seem to comprehend the words that might have been of such particular moment to himself.

"Has Kerman lost *everything*?" he gasped, his face working.

"Well, I—I'm afraid so. There's a rumour that the last of his clients' securities he got rid of was a big parcel of shares in a copper mine now booming, but he sold at about five shillings."

Thomas clutched the back of a chair, wavering. "Oh, God bless him!" he whispered; then with a sudden mental vision of the fugitive wretch, "God help him!"

Gordon sprang up to catch and support the swaying figure. But at that moment the door opened, and in ran a little rosy boy in pyjamas.

"Did you forget to come up?" cried Dicky Johnny, ignoring the stranger.

Thomas steadied himself and caught up the child, holding him close.

"Shake hands with our good friend, Mr. Gordon," he said. "He's not an uncle."

The boy put out his hand readily.

"And who are you?" asked Mr. Gordon pleasantly.

A wondrous sweet smile illuminated the countenance of Thomas as he carried the boy to the door.

"He is my—son!"

Fishers of Men

by
Walter
Wood



SHIPPING A SEA.

(Photo: S. Durey, Wood Green, E.)

FOR many hundreds of years there have been fishers of the North Sea, but it was not until a quarter of a century ago that there came into existence that triumphant organisation for the fishing of men, the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. For a long period the readers of THE QUIVER have been distinguished for their interest in the heroes of the waters; they have brought into being some of the finest examples of the noblest of all vessels that float—the lifeboat, and no one therefore can show greater interest in the work of these fishers of men than THE QUIVER's public.

If you go on board one of the splendid little steamboats that form the fleet of the Mission, and climb up into the wheelhouse, you will see inscribed on the brass band of the wheel the text: "Jesus saith, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." On the scrollwork of the bows you will see the further Biblical injunction: "Heal the sick." Those two sentences sum up the Mission's purpose, which is to minister to the body as well as to the soul. The society is one of the youngest of its kind, yet there is no other similar organisation which in so brief a career has done so much real good.

Within the last twenty-five years steam has driven sail almost completely off the North Sea trawling grounds, and in that short period, too, the Mission has revolutionised the lives of the deep sea fishermen.

When steam fishing craft were introduced it was prophesied of them that they would fail; when the pioneer Mission boat set off from Yarmouth to work amongst the smacksmen it was declared that her efforts would end in disastrous failure; yet steam is now the unchallenged master of the North Sea grounds, and the Mission is also established as a conqueror.

From very small beginnings the society has grown to such dimensions that about £600 a week is needed to carry on its operations, and if double that sum were available it could be well expended in this noble task of fishing for men. There is no more practical organisation at work in any part of the world, and the Mission is probably unequalled in that its chief labours are fulfilled by working smacksmen. Every skipper and most of the members of the crews have spent their whole maritime career in deep-sea trawling, so that the excellent principle has been adopted of setting smacksmen to catch smacksmen.

The term "fleet" sounds impressive, but though the Mission does possess a fleet, yet the number of vessels is small, and includes only three steamboats for use in home waters. For all practical purposes the sailers are obsolete, and the growing work of the society can be carried out successfully only by employing the highest type of steamboats.

Trawling on the North Sea is now conducted by four large fleets of steamboats,

FISHERS OF MEN

and it is the Mission's object to keep a vessel constantly with each fleet. Not even the most ingenious arithmetician can make three equal four, so that one fishing fleet has to be neglected. Think what that means in the long, bitter, dangerous winter months, with numbers of men constantly needing medical attendance owing to illness, wounds, and the ailments that are inseparable from the ceaseless toil of deep-sea trawling.

Vast human and financial interests are at stake nowadays on the North Sea grounds, and only the Mission exists to minister to purely deep sea men. Roughly speaking, there are twenty thousand men and boys at work on the Dogger and elsewhere, mostly trawling, toiling on the waters not for the summer months only, but throughout the year, and cut off from all association with their homes and families. They have been spoken of as being, and they are, the bravest of the brave; they are enduring, and for the most part uncomplaining. Even to-day comparatively little can be done for them, and that little is possible only because of the Mission's operations.

The Mission, like so many great modern enterprises, had a very small beginning, and it was belittled and maligned by the very men whom it was designed to help. First of all a real, old North Sea smack was

bought, and under the new name of *Ensign* she sailed out on what proved to be splendid pioneering. She was manned by men of the North Sea, who had realised that their lives had many failings and were in need of much improvement. It was a case of casting bread upon the waters, but never was a human fishing-net more successfully shot; never was a finer haul made. The gallant little *Ensign* has passed away, her flag was hauled down for the last time long ago; but her steam successors work amongst the North Sea fleets far more successfully than she could have done, for trawling has been revolutionised.

Twenty years ago the fleets consisted solely of sailing smacks. These were almost constantly at sea, returning to port only to refit and for provisions and water. The system meant that a man's life was practically spent on the North Sea, and he was fortunate if he had as much as five or six weeks ashore in twelve months. Often enough he would be at sea in his cramped little vessel for sixteen weeks without a break, and it was the common practice to stay out for at least two months. During the whole of that time the heavy round of fishing was maintained, and the life that was led was literally worse than a slave's. The smacksmen were an outcast, the ranks being largely filled from workhouses and gaols.



(Photo: S. Ding, Reed Green, N.)

THE CREW OF A NORTH SEA STEAM TRAWLER.

THE QUIVER

The deep sea fisherman was a being whose life was not understood and who was condemned as a savage by people who did not know and could not know what the conditions of his labour were. He was, in truth, very much like other workers on life's rough way, except that he was more childish, more ignorant, and more courageous. Only when the sea gives up the dead that are in it will the noble record be revealed of North Sea heroism. Unnumbered warriors of the storms have perished in their battles with the North Sea gales, and only a fraction of the innum-

ham Palace, for the purpose of explaining what the Mission is doing amongst the suffering, destitute, and isolated fishermen of bleak and lonely Labrador.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the Labrador undertaking is a direct offshoot of the North Sea work of the Mission, and that Dr. Grenfell is bringing about that wonderful revolution on the other side of the Atlantic which has been achieved on the North Sea. The poor are helped, the sick tended, the hungry satisfied. There is no organisation in existence the object of which is to help the suffer-



(Photo S. Dwyer.)

A BEAM SEA

Wood Green, N.J.

able salvations of life and ship has been made known.

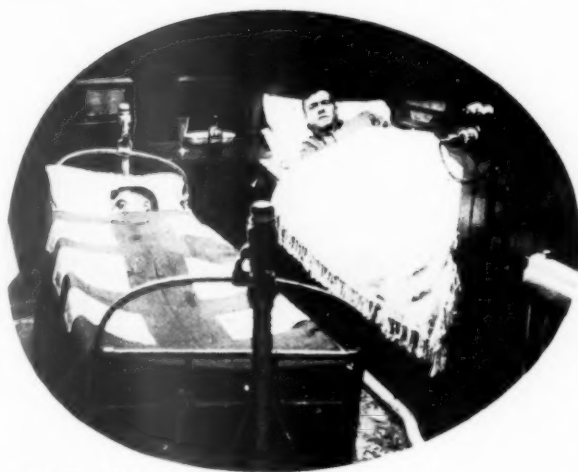
When the *Ensign* began her work there prevailed on the North Sea that dense ignorance and inevitable attendant wrong-doing which have marked the whole era of sail. If ever missionaries were needed for a race with splendid possibilities they were wanted for North Sea men nearly three decades ago. They came in the Mission, and amongst the pioneers who have since become famous are Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., and Dr. W. T. Grenfell—Grenfell of Labrador. It is noteworthy that both these medical men have been closely associated with Edward VII. and the present King. Sir Frederick performed the famous operation on the late Sovereign and Dr. Grenfell had a special audience of the present ruler at Bucking-

ing, which is conducted on a sounder basis than the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

Never a flag of distress is flying which is not promptly answered by the Mission ship, and there remains for all time the glorious achievement of these noble craft at the time of the amazing outrage on the Dogger. Death and dreadful injuries were inflicted by the Russian warships' shot and shell, and more deaths would have followed if two Mission vessels had not been available—the *Alpha* and the *Joseph and Sarah Miles*.

The *Alpha* was stationed with the Gamecock Fleet, on which the outrage was committed; but she was temporarily absent. The *Miles*, however, was working near, and she was promptly summoned, and into her hospital the wounded men were taken, fur-

FISHERS OF MEN



(Photo: S. Diney, Wood Green, N.J.)

IN THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

ing the well-appointed place into a shambles. With all speed the steamer hurried home and the wounded men were put ashore and treated far more adequately than is possible at sea.

Picture what would have happened if a hospital ship had not been available. Imagine the prolonged suffering of badly wounded men who were beyond the reach of skilled medical attention and hospital appliances. Doubtless some of the injured would have died before port could have been reached.

Many a fine fellow has perished on the North Sea because there was no present help available, and well within living memory a shattered smacksman has died in the gloomy, cheerless cabin of a sailing cutter or steam carrier while on his way to hospital. Unbroken suffering for several days has ended fatally when port has been reached, whereas with prompt and skilled medical aid precious life might have been saved. That help is now given in

North Sea fleets; but the fleets are growing beyond the power of the Mission. Another hospital ship is urgently needed, and more will be required as the ceaseless work of trawling grows.

There is one thing which, when it has been experienced on the North Sea, is never forgotten, and that is the worship in the Mission vessels. There is no set form of service, no preachers are announced, and no order is prescribed. All these customs would be out of place on the stormy

waters where men come and go as the spirit moves them, and the weather and work permit. The hospital ship is there, and all the year round, when she is on her station and it is possible to board her, she is open to all comers, just as some London churches throw wide their doors for the admission of



(Photo: S. Diney, Wood Green, N.J.)

MATES ABOARD.

THE QUIVER



SIGNALLING FOR SERVICE.

early comers to town or those who wish for quiet meditation in the middle of the day.

Fly your flag on the North Sea—any sort of signal will do, even an old oilfrock—and the Mission boat will, if need be, put off and fetch you to the service. That was what happened in the old days of sail, and many a stout, good-hearted fellow has lived to bless the day when he raised his oilies, perhaps mockingly, as a sign that he desired to be ferried to the floating Bethel. In these hard days of steam it is a relief to board a Mission ship and take a pot of tea, smoke a pipe, and get a book or paper or a magazine.

We sometimes read reports of operations by surgeons in mid-ocean, particularly on the Atlantic. A giant liner is occasionally stopped, if the weather is bad, to ensure a steady operating-table; but usually this precaution is not necessary. The achievement is remarkable, but it is insignificant compared with what is done on board a Mission steamer, for in the one case you have a colossal structure whose movements are ponderous and steady; in

the other there is a mere toy of a ship which is hurled about in a manner incredible to those who have not known it. Intense anxiety possesses the surgeon, whose least slip with the knife may mean a lost life; but though he may even have to be propped and supported by smacksmen while actually performing an operation, yet it seldom happens that results are unsatisfactory. Serious cases are sent home without delay, most of them for treatment at the London Hospital, which splendid institution has been associated with North Sea suffering from the beginning of the Mission's work.

Humane appliances on the North Sea have moved with the times, and there are now employed the most ingenious means of dealing with bad cases of injuries. In former days, when men were seriously ill or injured, perhaps by smashing seas or falling spars, they were got into a boat anyhow, and either taken to a carrier or to a homeward-bound smack. Imagine the agony endured by a man with a broken leg through being unexpectedly dropped into a boat in a heavy sea, a little craft which one moment was level with the smack's bulwarks and the next was far away in the trough of the waves. There was the same inevitable rough handling in getting the patient on board the carrier or smack, where some friendly hands would use boards from a fish-trunk as splinters, and bind the broken limb. Then, for two or three days and nights, in the depth of winter, inexpressible torture was endured till port was reached, and the flag at half-mast told the pitiful tale of too late.

To-day, instead of these crude methods, a specially devised ambulance is used. It resembles a stretcher, and upon it a patient is securely strapped, so that movement is impossible. The greatest skill and care are needed to get this contrivance and its burden into a boat if the weather is bad; but North Sea men are as skilful as they are brave, and if it is humanly possible to hoist a man into a boat and ferry him across the dangerous waters the feat will be accomplished.

Once on board the Mission steamer things are comparatively simple and easy, for there is a properly equipped hospital, and swing cots reduce motion to a minimum. There are sympathetic fellow smacksmen, too, and a fully qualified surgeon; and so

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it happens that a really serious operation can be triumphantly performed.

Many a broken limb has been successfully set, many a precious life saved, by this prompt medical and surgical attention, and in numerous cases a man has been spared the bitterest of all trials—that of loss of work.

Very often, in the old days, when a man was sent home, he found that his berth was filled when he was ready to go back to work in the fleet, but now he can be restored to health in the Mission ship, and when he is well can go straight back to his vessel. And this is possible, to a large extent, because the Mission ship, when necessary, can lend a hand to fill the patient's place—a Mission smacksman can go and do the sufferer's work, for all the members of a Mission crew are genuine fishermen. Dr. Grenfell himself possesses a master's certificate. He is a fully qualified North Sea skipper, so that in the distressing event of his other qualifications becoming obsolete he can, as a forlorn hope, fall back for a living on those torn waters which he knows so well!

On that point of saving a berth, listen to the simple story of an old-time smacksman. He was steward of the *Thomas Gray* (the *Ensign* renamed) when she was battling with a December gale. There had been a long, black, stormy night. The grim, grey morning came, and the steward was standing by the companion, watching the churning seas. Looking over the weather bow he saw an immense sea roaring down towards the smack.

At such a time of peril it is usual to drop below and seek refuge in the cabin; but before the steward could do anything he was carried overboard by a wave which struck the smack. Seldom does a man so gripped escape from death; but there are some marvellous deliverances from death on record, and this was one of them. He looked round, but there was not even a bit of rope to catch or clutch.

"O God, save me!" he cried despairingly.

Scarcely were the words uttered when the steward felt himself hurled against the fluke of an anchor which had been lashed



A BUSY TIME.

(Photo: N. Darg, Wood Green, N.)

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athwart the stern of the smack. The vessel must have been struck by another sea, causing her to run stern first, and driving her towards the drowning man and enabling him to grip the fluke. He was seized and dragged on board and hurried below to the little dispensary, where the skipper attended to his badly bruised back and applied a lotion, so that in a few days the sufferer was well again. Had he been in another vessel and another fleet he would have had

that happen, and strange indeed is some of the intelligence. Some years ago a Lowestoft trawler landed a ling from the stomach of which a pint bottle was taken. The bottle contained the last message of some lost seaman. Pencilled on the paper was the sad farewell: "January 24. Dreadful storm. Both masts gone. Ship waterlogged. Good-bye, dear wife, for ever. From your loving husband."

It seems but yesterday that the *coper*, the



Photo. by Harry, Royal Green, N.Y.

A SERVICE ABOARD.

to go home; but, he added, in telling the story, "Thank God for the Mission ship and the medicine chest!"

That is the kind of story which is told of the Mission since it came into being. The record of good work done on lonely and malignant waters is long and unbroken. There is interest and romance, too, connected with the society and its operations, because of the Mission vessels' work and dangers being just the same as those done and encountered by ordinary smackmen.

The trawls make their hauls and bring up many a sad secret of the sea. To the Mission vessel comes all the news of things

floating grog-shop of infamous memory, made enormous profits on the wild North Sea. Most of these vessels sailed from foreign ports, laden with spirits and tobacco. To smackmen the tobacco was harmless, but the drink was deadly, and no one can know how many lives have been lost on the fishing banks through its influence. Soul and body-destroying unseeded brandy and gin were sold to smackmen, or, worse still, bartered for gear or the vessel herself. No degradation was too deep to be endured, no scenes too violent for fulfilment on these stormy waters which were unpolluted by Fisheries Protection gunboats and Mission-

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less. Rarely were brutal orgies made known to the public; it was only when some crime of uncommon savagery was committed that interest ashore was aroused in smacksmen, and even then the event was speedily forgotten.

The Mission has swept away all these evil and dreadful things. It has driven the slinking *cooper* off the North Sea, and done much to humanise the men who trawl the haunted banks. The society sells tobacco at cost price—good and wholesome stuff, so that the man who must smoke is not deprived of that comfort. The Mission, indeed, has revolutionised the North Seaman as completely as the steam trawler has ousted the sailing vessel—and to-day a sailing fleet does not exist. The smack and the *cooper* are almost memories.

Reading matter, not merely by the hundredweight, but by the ton, is distributed amongst the trawlers by the Mission ships. It is to the credit of friends in these days that they do not follow the custom so prevalent not many years ago of sending for the fishermen all sorts of worthless rubbish which was not wanted at home. Dreary letter-press and depressing pictures are not welcomed on lonely waters where perhaps for weeks together a man is not even dry.

Cheerful, interesting matter is needed, and there is such an abundance of this nowadays that there is no excuse for not providing it. A generation or two ago it was of no small moment that the reading matter was not of the right sort, because there were so few men on the North Sea who could read; but matters are vastly different now, with universal education. A new generation of skipper and crew has arisen, and men and boys are keen judges of healthy, wholesome stuff. They relish a tale of love, adventure, or mystery as well as most people, and anything that relates to home is sure of welcome. The landsman loves his sea romance; the smacksmen revels in a story of the town or country, for the sea is always with him.

These fishers of men are subject to exactly the same perils and privations as the ordinary smacksmen, and sad losses have been sustained by the Mission. Some years ago a vessel called the *Breeze* was presented to

the society. In April, 1887, she left Fowey for Yarmouth, to be prepared for service; but she was run down off Beachy Head by a German steamer, and four lives were lost with her. From the time of that heavy calamity onward the Mission has suffered sad losses, and not long ago the mate of one of the hospital steamers was so badly crushed by a heavy sea that he died before home could be reached.

The Mission's present area of operations is vast indeed. Five-and-twenty years ago it had well-defined limits. The Dogger, broadly speaking, indicated the area; but far greater is the sphere of usefulness to-day. The wide North Sea itself, the remote White Sea, Iceland, the Morocco coast—these and other regions, irrespective of the vast and dreary desolation of famine-stricken Labrador, offer fields for human harvesting.

The Mission seeks to gather into its fold all the toilers of the deep who own allegiance to the British flag. Its purpose is concerned solely with the fishers of the seas, from which such wonderful and rich harvests are won; the object is to see to the needs of the body as well as to provide for the demands of the spirit. The organisation is great and growing, and there are no invested funds. Strenuous efforts are being made to get the means to build at least another steamer. Such a craft, a marvel of ingenuity and usefulness, costs a round twelve thousand pounds, and surely the day is not far distant when the blank will be filled, and when, indeed, there will be available, wherever wanted, a Mission steamer. Referring recently in generous praise to the Mission's work, the *Saturday Review* said: "The gift of a public library is a good thing, but the gift of a Mission ship would be cheaper, and the benefit could hardly be surpassed by the finest library afloat."

The name of THE OLIVER is most honourably associated with the gallant work of the lifeboat. May it not well be that before long it will be possible for the Mission to point to a swing-crib or a special corner in one of these noble floating hospitals and say, "This is from the readers of THE OLIVER"?



Children of the Wild

IV.—WHAT HE SAW WHEN HE KEPT STILL.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE Child was beginning to feel that if he could not move very soon he'd burst.

Of course, under Uncle Andy's precise instructions he had settled himself in the most comfortable position possible before starting upon the tremendous undertaking of keeping perfectly still for a long time. To hold oneself perfectly still and to keep the position as tirelessly as the most patient of the wild creatures themselves—this, he had been taught by Uncle Andy, was one of the first essentials to the acquirement of true woodcraft, as only such stillness and such patience could admit one to anything like a real view of the secrets of the wild. Even the least shy of the wilderness folk are averse to going about their private and personal affairs under the eyes of strangers, and what the Child aspired to was the knowledge of how to catch them off their guard. He would learn to see for himself how the rabbits and the partridges, the woodchucks and the weasels, the red deer, the porcupines, and all the other furtive folk who had their habitations around the tranquil shores of Silverwater, were really accustomed to behave themselves when they felt quite sure no one was looking.

Before consenting to the Child's initiation Uncle Andy had impressed upon him with the greatest care the enormity of breaking the spell of stillness by even the slightest and most innocent-seeming movement.

"You see," had said Uncle Andy, "it's this way! When we get to the place where we are going to hide and watch, you may think that we're quite alone. But not so. From almost every bush, from surely every thicket, there'll be at least one pair of bright eyes staring at us—maybe several pairs. They'll be wondering what we've come for; they'll be disliking us for being so clumsy and making such a racket, and they'll be keeping just as still as so many stones in the hope that we won't see them—except, of course, certain of the birds, which fly in the open and are used to being seen, and don't care a hang for us because they think us

such poor creatures in not being able to fly——"

At this point the Child had interrupted. "Wouldn't they be surprised," he murmured, "if we did?"

"I expect they've got some surprises coming to them that way one of these days!" agreed Uncle Andy. "But as I was saying, we'll be well watched ourselves, for a while. But it's a curious thing about the wild creatures, or at least about a great many of them, that for all their keenness their eyes don't seem to *distinguish* things as sharply as we do. The very slightest movement they detect, sometimes at an astonishing distance. But when a person is perfectly motionless for a long time, they seem to confuse him with the stumps and stones and bushes in a most amazing fashion. Perhaps it is that the eyes of some of them have not as high a power of differentiation as ours. Perhaps it is that when a fellow is a long time still they think he's dead. We'll have to let the scientists work that out for us. But if you go on the way you're beginning (and I'm bound to say you're doing very well indeed, considering that you're not *very* big), you'll often have occasion to observe that some of the wild creatures, otherwise no fools, are more afraid of a bit of coloured rag fluttering in the wind than of an able-bodied man who sits staring right at them, if only he doesn't stir a finger. But only let him waggle that finger, his very littlest one, and off they'll be."

The Child put his hand behind his back and waggled his little finger gently, smiling to think what sharp eyes it would take to see *that* motion. But his Uncle, as if divining his thoughts, went on to say:

"It's not as if those sly, shy watchers were all in front of you, you know. The suspicious eyes will be all around you. Perhaps it may be a tiny wood-mouse peering from under a root two or three steps behind you. You have been perfectly still, say, for ten minutes, and the mouse is just beginning to think that you *may* be some-

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thing quite harmless. She rubs her whiskers, and is just about to come out when, as likely as not, you move your fingers a little, behind your back"—here the Child blushed guiltily, and thrust both his grimy little fists well to the front—"feeling quite safe because you don't see the movement yourself.

"Well, the mouse sees it. She realises at once that you aren't dead, after all—in fact, that you're a dangerous deceiver. She whisks indignantly back into her hole. Somebody else sees her alarm, and follows her example, and in two seconds it's gone all about the place that you're not a stump or a stone or a harmless dead thing waiting to be nibbled at, but a terrible enemy lying in wait for them all. So you see how important it is to keep still, with the real stillness of dead things."

The Child winked his eyes rapidly. "But I can't keep from *winking*, Uncle Andy," he protested. "I'll promise not to wiggle my fingers or wrinkle my nose. But if I don't wink my eyes sometimes they'll begin to smart and get full of tears, and then I won't be able to see anything—and then all the keeping still will be just wasted."

"Of course you won't be able to keep from winking," agreed Uncle Andy. "And, of course, you won't be able to keep from *breathing*. But you mustn't make a noise about either process."

"How can I make a noise winking?" demanded the Child in a voice of eager surprise. If such a thing were possible he wanted to learn how at once.

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Uncle Andy. "Now, listen to me! We're nearly there, and I don't want to have to do any more talking. Because the quieter we are now the sooner the wild folk will get over their first suspiciousness. Now, after we once get fixed, you won't move a muscle, not even if two or three mosquitoes alight on you at once and begin to help themselves?"

"No!" agreed the Child confidently. He was accustomed to letting mosquitoes bite him, just for the fun of seeing their grey, scrawny bodies swell up and redden till they looked like rubies.

"Well, we'll hope there won't be any mosquitoes!" said Uncle Andy reassuringly. "And if a yellow-jacket lights on your sock and starts to crawl up under the leg of your knickers, you won't stir?"



"They gazed at the two moveless figures"

—p. 937.

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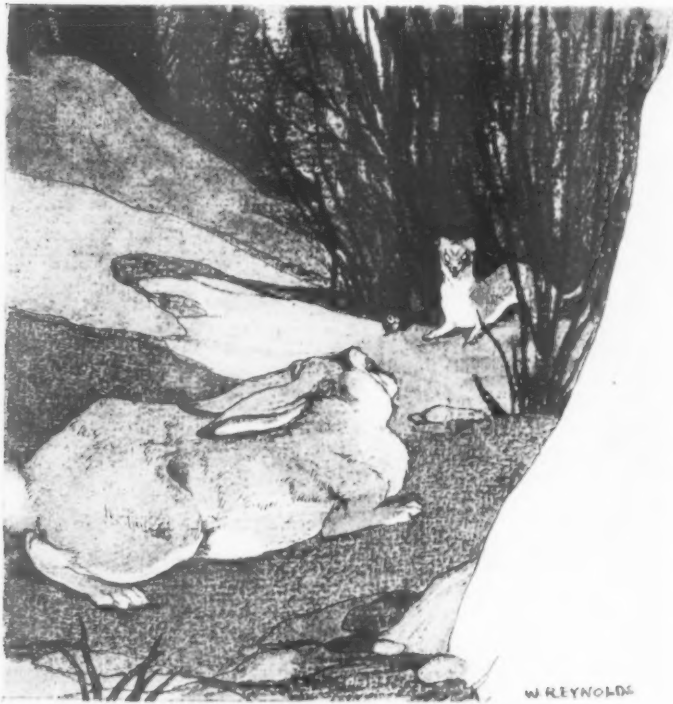
"N-no!" agreed the Child, with somewhat less confidence. He had had such an experience before, and remembered it with a pang. Then he remembered that he had enough string in his pockets to tie up both legs so securely that not the most enterprising of wasps could get under. His confidence returned. "No, Uncle Andy!" he repeated, with earnest resolution.

"Umph! We'll see," grunted Uncle Andy doubtfully, not guessing what the Child had in mind. But when he saw him, with serious face, fish two bits of string from

leaves just before their faces, to screen them a little without interfering with their view. Their legs, to be sure, stuck out beyond the screen of the poplar sapling in plain sight of every forest wayfarer. But legs were of little consequence so long as they were not allowed to kick.

For just about a minute the Child found it easy to keep still. In the second minute his nose itched, and he began to wonder how long they had been there. In the third minute he realised that there was a hard little stick in the moss that he was sitting

on. In the fourth minute it became a big stick, and terribly sharp, so that he began to wonder if it would pierce right through him and make him a cripple for life. He feared that perhaps Uncle Andy had never thought of a danger like this, and he felt that he ought to call attention to it. But before he had quite made up his mind to such a desperate measure the fifth minute came—and with it the yellow-and-black wasp, which made the Child forget all about the stick in the moss. The wasp alighted on the red, mosquito-bitten, naked skin above the top of



"With a scream the rabbit stopped short and crouched in its tracks, quivering, to receive its doom"—p. 910.

the miscellaneous museum of his pocket and proceed to frustrate the problematical yellow-jacket he grinned appreciatively.

The place for the watching had been well chosen by Uncle Andy—a big log to lean their backs against, a cushion of deep, dry moss to sit upon, and a tiny, leafy sapling of silver poplar twinkling its light-hung

the Child's sock, and then, sure enough, started to go exploring up under the leg of his knickers. The Child felt nervous for a moment and then triumphant. He just saved himself from laughing out loud at the thought of how he had fooled the inquisitive insect.

And so passed the fifth and sixth minutes.

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The seventh and eighth were absorbed in bitter doubts of Uncle Andy. The Child felt quite sure that he had been quite still for at least an hour. If nothing interesting had happened in all that time, then nothing interesting was going to happen, nothing interesting could happen. An awful distrust assailed him. Was it possible that Uncle Andy had merely adopted this base means of teaching him to keep still? Was it possible that even now Uncle Andy (whose face was turned the other way) was either laughing deeply in his sleeve or sleeping the undeservedly peaceful sleep of the successful deceiver?

To do the Child justice, he felt ashamed of such doubts as soon as he had fairly confronted himself with them. Then, in the ninth minute, both legs began to fill up with pins and needles. This occupied his attention. It was an axiom with him that under such painful conditions one should at once get up and move around. Placed thus between two directly conflicting duties, his conscience was torn. Then he remembered his promise. His grit was good, and he determined to keep his promise at all costs, no matter at what fatal consequence to his legs. And he derived considerable comfort from the thought that if his legs should never be any use any more, his Uncle Andy would at least be stricken with remorse.

Then, as the tenth minute dragged its enormous, trailing length along, came that terrible feeling, already alluded to, that he must either move or burst. With poignant self-pity he argued the two desperate alternatives within his soul. But, fortunately for him, before he felt himself obliged to come to any final decision, something happened, and his pain and doubts were forgotten.

Two big yellow-grey snow-shoe rabbits came hopping lazily past, one just ahead of the other. One jumped clear over Uncle Andy's outstretched feet, as if they were of no account or interest whatever to a rabbit. The other stopped and thumped vigorously on the ground with his strong hind foot. At this signal the first one also stopped. They both sat up on their haunches, ears thrust forward in intense interrogation, and gazed at the two moveless figures behind the poplar sapling.

The one immediately in front of him absorbed all the Child's attention. Its great,

bulging eyes surveyed him from head to foot, at first with some alarm, then with half contemptuous curiosity. Its immensely long ears see-sawed meditatively, and its queer three-cornered mouth twinkled incessantly as if it were talking to itself. At last, apparently having decided that the Child was nothing worth taking further notice of, it dropped on all fours, nibbled at a leaf, discarded it, and hopped off to find more tasty provender. Its companion, having "sized up" Uncle Andy in the same way, presently followed. But being of the more suspicious disposition, it stopped from time to time to glance back and assure itself that the strange, motionless things behind the poplar sapling were not attempting to follow it.

The Child was immensely interested. He thought of a lot of questions to ask as soon as he should be allowed to speak, and he resolved to remember every one of them. But just as he was getting them arranged a small, low, long-bodied, snaky-slim yellowish beast came gliding by and drove them all clean out of his head. It was a weasel. It almost bumped into the Child's feet before it noticed them. Then it jumped back, showing its keen teeth in a soundless snarl of its narrow, pointed muzzle, and surveyed the Child with the cruellest little eyes that he had ever even imagined. The savage eyes stared him full in the face, a red light like a deep-buried spark coming into them, till he thought the creature was going to spring at his throat. Then gradually the spark died out, as the little fury reassured itself. The triangular face turned aside. The working, restless nose sniffed sharply, catching the fresh scent of the two rabbits, and in the next instant the creature was off, in long, noiseless bounds, upon the hot trail. The Child knew enough of woodcraft to realise at once the meaning of its sudden departure, and he murmured sympathetically in his heart, "Oh, I do hope he won't catch them!"

All thoughts of the weasel and the rabbits, however, were speedily driven from his mind, for at this moment he noticed a fat, yellowish grub, with a chestnut-coloured head, crawling up his sleeve. He hated grubs, and wondered anxiously if it had any unpleasant design of crawling down his neck. He squirmed inwardly at the idea. But just as he was coming to the conclusion

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that *that* was something he'd *never* be able to stand, a most unexpected ally came to his rescue. With a blow that *almost* made him jump out of his jacket, something lit on the fat grub. It was a big black hornet, with white bands across its shining body. She gave the grub a tiny prick with the tip of her envenomed sting, which caused it to roll up into a tight ball and lie still. Then straddling it, and holding it in place with her front pair of legs, she cut into it with her powerful mandibles and began to suck its juices. The Child's nose wrinkled in spite of himself at sight of this unalluring banquet, but he stared with all eyes. There was something terrifying to him in the swiftness and efficiency of the great hornet. Presently the grub, not having received quite a big enough dose of its captor's anæsthetic, came to under the devouring jaws and began to lash out convulsively. Another touch of the medicine in the hornet's tail, however, promptly put a stop to that, and once more it tightened up into an unresisting ball. Then straddling it again firmly, and handling it cleverly with its front legs as a racoon might handle a big apple, she bit into it here and there, sucking eagerly with a quick, pumping motion of her body. The fat ball got smaller and smaller, till soon it was very little bigger than an ordinary sweet pea. The hornet turned it over and over impatiently, to see if anything more was to be got out of it; then she spurned it aside, and bounced into the air with a deep hum. She had certainly been very amusing, but the Child drew a breath of relief when she was gone. He had caught the copper-red flicker of her sting, as it barely touched the victim, and it seemed to him like a jet of live flame.

When the hornet was gone the Child began once more to remember that little stick in the soft moss beneath him. How had he ever forgotten it? He decided that he must have been sitting on it for hours and hours. But just as it was beginning fairly to burn its way into his flesh, a queer little rushing sound close at his side brought his heart into his throat. It was such a vicious, menacing little sound. Glancing down, he saw that a tiny wood-mouse had darted upon a big brown-winged butterfly and captured it. The big wings flapped pathetically for a few seconds; but the mouse bit them off, to save herself the

bother of lugging useless material home to her burrow. She was so near that the Child could have touched her by reaching out his hand. But she took no more notice of him than if he had been a rotten stump. Less, in fact, for she might have tried to gnaw into him if he had been a rotten stump, in the hope of finding some wood-grubs.

The mouse dragged away the velvety body of the butterfly to her hole under the roots. She was no more than just in time, for no sooner was she out of sight than along came a fierce-eyed little shrew-mouse, the most audacious and pugnacious of the mouse tribe, who would undoubtedly have robbed her of her prey, and perhaps made a meal of her at the same time. He nosed at the wings of the butterfly, nibbled at them, decided they were no good, and then came ambling over to the Child's feet. Shoe-leather! That was something quite new to him. He nibbled at it, didn't seem to think much of it, crept along up to the top of the shoe, sniffed at the sock, and came at last plump upon the Child's bare leg. "Was he going to try a nibble at that, too?" wondered the Child anxiously, his blue eyes getting very big and round. But no. This live, human flesh—*unmistakably* alive—and the startling Man smell of it, were too much for the nerves of his shrewship. With a squeak of indignation and alarm he sprang backward and scurried off among the weed-stalks.

"There, now!" thought the Child, in infinite vexation. "He's gone and given the alarm!" But, as good luck would have it, he had done nothing of the kind. For a red fox, trotting past just then at a distance of not more than ten or a dozen feet, served to all observers as a more than ample explanation of the shrew's abrupt departure. The fox turned his head at the sound of the scurry and squeak, and very naturally attributed it to his own appearance on the scene. But at the same time he caught sight of those two motionless human shapes sitting rigid behind the poplar sapling. They were so near that his nerves received a shock. He jumped about ten feet; and then, recovering himself with immense self-possession, he sat up on his haunches to investigate. Of course, he was quite familiar with human beings and their ways, and he knew that they never kept still in that unnatural fashion unless they were either

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asleep or dead. After a searching scrutiny—head sagely to one side and mouth engagingly half open—he decided that they might be either dead or asleep, whichever they chose, for all he cared. He rose to his feet and trotted off with great deliberation, leaving on the still air a faint, half-musky odour which the Child's nostrils were keen enough to detect. As he went a blue-jay which had been sitting on the top of a near-by tree caught sight of him, darted down, and flew along after him, uttering harsh screeches of warning to the rest of the small folk of the wilderness. It is not pleasant, even in the wilderness, to have "Stop thief! Stop thief! Thief! Thief! Thief!" screeched after you by a blue-jay. And the fox glanced up at the noisy bird as if he would have been ready to give two fat geese and a whole litter of rabbits for the pleasure of crunching her impudent neck.

All this while there had been other birds in view besides the blue-jay—chick-a-dees and nut-hatches hunting their tiny prey among the dark branches of the fir-trees, Canada sparrows fluting their clear call from the tree-tops, fly-catchers darting and tumbling in their zig-zag, erratic flights, and sometimes a big golden-wing woodpecker running up and down a tall, dead trunk which stood close by, and *rat-tat-tat-tat* in a most businesslike and determined manner. But the Child was not, as a rule, so interested in birds as in the four-footed kindred. Just now, however,



"The fox glanced up at the noisy bird as if he would have been ready to give two fat geese and a whole litter of rabbits for the pleasure of crunching her impudent neck."

a bird came on the scene which interested him extremely. It was a birch-partridge (or ruffed grouse) hen, accompanied by a big brood of her tiny, nimble chicks. They looked no bigger than chestnuts as they swarmed about her, crowding to snatch the dainties which she kept turning up for them. The Child watched them with fascinated eyes, not understanding how things so tiny and so frail as these chicks could be so amazingly quick and strong in their movements. Suddenly, at a

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little distance through the bushes he caught sight of the red fox coming back, with an air of having forgotten something. The Child longed to warn the little partridge mother, but realising that he must not, he waited with thumping heart for a tragedy to be enacted before him.

He had no need to worry, however. The little mother saw the fox before he caught sight of her. The Child saw her stiffen herself suddenly, with a low *chit* of warning which sounded as if it might have come from anywhere. On the instant every chick had vanished. The Child realised that it was impossible for even such active creatures as they were to have run away so quickly as all that. So he knew that they had just made themselves invisible by squatting absolutely motionless among the twigs and moss which they so exactly resembled in colouring.

The fox, meanwhile, had been gazing around in every direction but the right one, to try and see where that partridge cry had come from. He liked partridge, and it was some time since he had had any. All at once he was surprised and pleased to see a hen partridge, apparently badly wounded, drop fluttering on the moss almost under his nose. He sprang forward to seize her, but she managed to flutter feebly out of his reach. It was obviously her last effort, and he was not in the least discouraged. She proved, however, to have many such last efforts, and the last the Child saw of the fox he was still hopefully jumping at her, as he disappeared from view among the underbrush. About three minutes later there was a hard *whirr* of wings, and the triumphant little mother reappeared. She alighted on the very spot whence she had first caught sight of the fox, stood for a moment stiffly erect while she stared about her with keen, bright eyes, and then she gave a soft little call. Instantly the chicks were all about her, apparently springing up out of the ground as at the utterance of a spell. And proudly she led them away to another feeding ground.

What more the Child might have seen had time been allowed him will never be known, for now the session was interrupted. He was hoping for a porcupine to come by, or a deer, or a moose. He was half hoping, half fearing, that it might be a bear, or a big Canada lynx with dreadful eyes and tufted

ears. But before any of these more formidable wonders arrived, he heard a sound of rushing, of eager, desperate flight. Then a rabbit came into view—he felt sure it was one of the two who appeared at the beginning of his watch. The poor beast was plainly in an ecstasy of terror, running violently, but as it were aimlessly, and every now and then stopping short, all of a tremble, as if despair were robbing it of its powers. It ran straight past the poplar sapling, swerved off to the right, and disappeared; but the Child could hear the sound of its going and perceived that it was making a circle. A couple of seconds later came the weasel, running with its nose in the air as if catching the scent from the air rather than from the fugitive's tracks.

The weasel did not seem to be in any hurry at all. It was the picture of cool, deadly, implacable determination. And the Child hated it savagely. Just opposite the poplar sapling it paused, seeming to listen. Then it bounded into the bushes on a short circle, saving itself unnecessary effort, as if it had accurately estimated the tactics of its panic-stricken quarry. A few moments later the rabbit reappeared, running frantically. Just as it came once more before the poplar sapling—not more than a couple of yards from the Child's feet—out from under a neighbouring bush sprang the weasel, confronting it squarely. With a scream the rabbit stopped short and crouched in its tracks, quivering, to receive its doom.

The weasel leaped straight at its victim's throat. But it never arrived. For at that moment the Child gave vent to a shrill yell of indignation and jumped at the slayer with hands, eyes, and mouth wide open. He made such a picture that Uncle Andy exploded. The astonished weasel vanished. The rabbit, shocked back into its senses, vanished also, but in another direction. And the Child, pulling himself together, turned to his Uncle with a very red face.

"I'm sorry!" he said sheepishly. "I'm so sorry, Uncle Andy. But I just *couldn't* help it. I didn't think."

"Oh, well!" said Uncle Andy, getting up and stretching, and rubbing his stiffened legs tenderly. "I can't say that I blame you. I came mighty near doing the same thing myself when that fool of a rabbit squealed."

The Sanguine Temperament

No. 2 in "Religion and Temperament" Series

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON, B.A.

Last month the author introduced the interesting question, *Is Religion a matter of Temperament?* He claimed that Religion was not "a matter for the religious," but appealed to the criminal as well as to the saint; but it makes a different appeal to, and a different effect upon, different Temperaments. In this article he illustrates his argument by a study of "The Sanguine Temperament." Next month he will deal with "The Choleric Temperament."

If anyone doubts the attractiveness of the sanguine temperament, let him recall St. Peter and Columbus, John Wesley and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Florence Nightingale and Mr. Wilkins Micawber. Most of us would give much for a talk with any one of these, and we are sure the conversation would make for cheer and for profit. Few folk are so universally popular as those who possess the sanguine temperament. Phlegmatic folk, despite their restfulness, often devil-talise us by the mere strain of contact with their seemingly unimpressible personalities; melancholy people bore the average man, for the average man is convinced that he has troubles enough of his own; choleric folk call out the caution and often the defensiveness of others, and they either irritate or amuse according to circumstances; but sanguine people have invariably a surface gift of pleasing. That gift will not always stand the test of further knowledge, but without doubt it has great uses.

A Blithe Challenge to Life

To begin with, the sanguine temperament, save for its seasons of reaction, is happy and hopeful. Sanguine folk possess by nature that blitheness the rest of us must needs seek through grace. What is achievement for the rest of the world is endowment for them. Thus for them merely to live is to do God's service. Advanced civilisations always tend towards pessimism. The sanguine maintain a perpetual challenge against the decadent phases of the modern spirit. As they serve society, so they serve their friends.

As a mere spectacle the hopeful and the happy attract and lure to unconscious imitation. Their radiance of spirit

creates atmosphere and disseminates sunshine. The party only begins when the sanguine guests arrive. If you desire social failure ask to your would-be festival only the phlegmatic and the choleric and the melancholy. It is the sanguine who please and persuade other people into geniality.

The Window-Dressing Gift

Then their infectious personalities have unseen antennae that reach out and stimulate our affection and our capacity for being pleased with others. Further, their good nature is assisted in its conquests by their wonderful gift of putting their best to the fore. The show-cases in the emporium may harbour only dust, and its shelves may be weighted only by empty cardboard boxes; and the warehouse may be entirely vacant; but, even if it takes all their goods, the sanguine usually contrive to fill the shop window. The sanguine temperament is expert in window-dressing, and Regent Street on any fine afternoon shows how all the world loves a good window-dresser.

Finally the sanguine have often a talent for brief and sudden anger, which is picturesque rather than powerful, and soon spends itself and readily becomes apologetic. Some of the nicest things in the world are done by sanguine folk who wish to show that they are still sorry for past temper; and it is part of human nature to feel kindly to those who have begged pardon and directly or tacitly asked indulgence for their weaknesses. No wonder, then, that the sanguine enjoy the gladness of instant empire over the affections of so many of us.

Danger of Plasticity

Yet the sad truth is that unless Christianity takes entire hold of the sanguine,

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the attractive phases of their temperament are too often but the better side of their glaring demerits. There is no temperament that can less afford irreligion or a religion that is not thorough. Some sanguine folk are happy and hopeful largely because their shallow souls lack seriousness and penetration, and dwell only amid selected aspects of the surface of life. They are good-natured because temperamental plasticity makes them easily adjustable to any circumstances and readily adaptable to any environment. They live to please.

A cheery hawker of his own poems at a cricket match between Surrey and Yorkshire was asked by a knot of Bradford visitors which side was going to win.

"Surrey," was his purposely provocative reply.

Yells of execration greeted the answer. "All right, gentlemen," the salesman poet said soothingly, "it's all right. Those are only my principles. I can change them if they don't suit you."

His pose was that in which the sanguine temperament too often faces the world. Even the brevity of the anger of the sanguine often implies lack of capacity for sustained emotion. There may be nothing in them to harden into vindictiveness. The sanguine is at once the most attractive and the weakest of all the temperaments.

The Aftermath

Those for whom experience of themselves or others confirms the psychology of these observations will suffer no shock in learning that the minor merits of the sanguine connote risks that often eventuate in moral harm. In the realm of emotion, sanguine folk are impressionable and enthusiastic. They are great people to preach to, especially if the preacher does not see them between Sundays. But their quick comprehensive sympathies often exhaust themselves by their own transports. Hence the inevitability of the backslider amid the aftermath of revival. The sanguine also are as readily impressed by evil and difficulty as by good, and so are easily discouraged.

The scribe who said to our blessed Lord, "Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever

Thou goest," revealed to Jesus a sanguine temperament; and the great Teacher was testing him when He answered, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Pliable, as sketched by Bunyan in "The Pilgrim's Progress," is a typical example of the same temperament; and when, despite his good start, he turned his face from the Celestial City and struggled out of the mire on that side of the Slough of Despond which was next to his own house, he was merely completing a tragedy characteristic of his type.

Sometimes the tragedy takes another direction. St. Francis de Sales pointed out that the longer a bee rests upon a flower the more honey it gathers. But the sanguine are easily deflected, and their emotional centre too readily changes.

Epicures in Emotions

These demerits of their impressionability repeatedly have two untoward results. Too often sanguine folk become mere epicures in emotions. They may be great religionists so eager for new spiritual stimulus that they visit every church in turn, eagerly giving themselves to sermon tasting and the ecstatic singing of swelling hymns, preferably with a chorus; but always they have more desire to feel good than to be good or to do good. They may be great politicians fervently hating the other party and shouting loudly at public meetings; but appeals to canvass leave them cold. Such people are merely following a programme of self indulgence. Making a law of their temperament, they deteriorate into vapid sensation hunters reaping Nemesis in recurring periods of emotional bankruptcy.

Matrimonial Pitfalls

The same ill-regulated sensitiveness often creates much mischief between men and women. Of all relationships the marital has about it the most obvious potentialities for good and evil. To be happy in marriage is to have made a success of life; and while everyone is at least temporarily sanguine when contemplating matrimony, however remotely, yet more than with other temperaments the happiness of the sanguine tempera-

THE SANGUINE TEMPERAMENT

ment depends on thoughtfulness and caution in those preliminary comradeships that often lead to marriage.

No more magnificent example of the consecrated sanguine temperament ever existed than John Wesley; and, of course, there is no possible question of the persistent excellence of his main motives or the immaculateness of his shining purity. Yet thrice, at least, his relations with his women friends meant disaster and shadow. The sanguine side of him led the good man to conceive every Christian woman as modelled after the holy fashion of his mother; and the delusion worked its own punishment.

Dr. Fitchett points out that as long as John Wesley was well and busy he found little occasion to occupy himself with affairs of the heart; but the moment he was ill his nurses had a strange attraction for him.

At Georgia, in 1737, Miss Sophy Hopkey tended him; and later his attentions to her became so pronounced that his journal gives at least one clear picture of him on the eve of proposing. She said one minute she did not intend to marry, unless she married someone else; and the next moment she offered every indication of caring intensely for Wesley. Her relatives apparently wished for the match, and John Wesley's conduct must often have made them count on fulfilment of their desire; but the good man vacillated, and Miss Sophy suddenly married someone else at short notice.

Then Wesley felt that the desire of his heart had been removed; and his subsequent attempts to submit the lady on other counts to ecclesiastical discipline led to his leaving Georgia under a cloud. Some few years later he published "Thoughts on Marriage and a Single Life," which inculcated the extreme of asceticism.

Then, five years after, at Newcastle, Grace Murray nursed him through an illness, and was soon playing him off against Bennet, one of his helpers, to whom she had earlier pledged herself. Poor Wesley knew nothing for some time of this existing attachment, and she, while encouraging him at intervals, gave his letters to her other lover and ultimately married Bennet. It says much for the

resilience of the sanguine temperament that not very long after Grace Murray's wedding he was proposing marriage to the widowed Mrs. Vazeille, yet another of his nurses. Ten days before his marriage he recorded: "Met the single men of the London Society and showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God to remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake, unless where a particular case might be an exception to the general rule." It is to be regretted he numbered his own case among the exceptions.

An Impossible Marriage

Mrs. Wesley proved to be jealous, peevish, quarrelsome, a meddler, and generally impossible. On June 23, 1771, the good man wrote, "For what cause I know not, my wife set out for Newcastle, purposing 'never to return.' *Non cam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo.*" Even at that the sanguine temperament made the best of things afterwards, when John Wesley remarked that if she had been a better wife he might have been unfaithful in the great work to which God had called him, and might have too much sought to please her.

But this is not the real moral of their relations. John Wesley's connection with her, as with Grace Murray and Sophy Hopkey, shows clearly that even the best examples of the sanguine temperament need alertness and divine guidance in their friendships with the other sex; and this, of course, applies to women as well as to men.

In the Realm of Action

Impulsiveness, another minor characteristic of the sanguine temperament, is a link between the worlds of emotion and action; and too often it betrays the sanguine into pledging themselves beyond their later and better judgment. The career of St. Peter shows to what shuffling and evasions and lying and desertion of the best this often leads.

But the sanguine temperament is seen at both its highest and its lowest in the realm of action. Columbus and Wilberforce reveal the temperament at its most efficient in that realm; and the discovery of America and the suppression of slavery

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show how much of the world's greatest work is achieved by sanguine folk redeemed from the worst of their best by the power of a mighty purpose.

But unless that power is persistent, the sanguine temperament is a temperament of far more beginnings than endings ; and this means achievements that are small compared with possibilities, and futility at nearly every stage of life's journey.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge is an arresting example of this. Brilliant and lovable to a degree, he drew from Lamb the testimony that he was an archangel a little damaged. "Table Talk" and the "Ancient Mariner" give a hint of his potentialities ; but they also show that, compared with what he might have done, he did nothing. He said that he had poisoned himself out of the cup of hope ; but the liquid was adulterated, and opium when he needed iron was not the only error in its ingredients. Again and again he was a great beginner, but nearly always his life resembled a river that loses itself in the desert sands. Or, to change the metaphor, his career was like his own "Kubla Khan," a brilliant fragment dream-born. No one has a right to throw stones at him ; but the sanguine will do well to look and learn.

Temperament plus Character

The vision will surely compel inquiry as to how the sanguine can make the best of life. The answer is not obscure. They must offer to God their temperament and ask Him through His own processes of prayer and discipline to give them back a character. Temperament is not destiny. It is chance of character ; and God cannot refuse those who persistently desire. Read the life of James Chalmers to learn how a sanguine temperament can become a Christian character.

If this possibility be doubted, recall that John Wesley afore referred to. Such was the wonder of the work of the apostle that

the great Methodist churches of this generation are but part of his monument. Lecky has declared not only that the results of his work saved England during the industrial revolution, but also that influences traceable to Methodism reformed our prisons, abolished the slave trade, taught clemency to our penal laws, and gave the first impulse to our popular education. And John Wesley himself was as great as his work ; and the merest outline of his life shows how the sanguine temperament once really consecrated can overcome its own temptations and make the best of itself. His meeting with Peter Böhler, the Moravian missionary, was the great turning point ; for from him he learnt that salvation is not through our own works, but through God who was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world unto Himself ; that the sole condition of salvation is faith, and that assurance of salvation is attested by the witness of the Holy Spirit. To communicate these truths he travelled a quarter of a million miles and preached 40,000 sermons. As a comment on them he founded an orphans' home in Newcastle and charity schools in London ; and to expound or supplement them, he wrote commentaries, histories, grammars of five languages and even a compendium of physic.

When at length his glorious days drew to a close, he proved to all the world that the Christianised sanguine temperament is a great temperament for a death bed ; for, when not long before his passing he left his bed for a brief season in a chair, he could not read or write or pray aloud ; but he could sing, and sing he did the marching song of the sanguine temperament :

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life or thought or being last,
Or immortality endures."





The Perfect Comrade

A Holiday Story

BY

CHRISTIAN TUNSTALL

UNDER a sky of summer blue the snow lay crisp and deep upon the mountains that surround the little Tyrolean town of Neuhalt. Far below, nestling in the valley, the roofs of the wooden houses, with their winter burden of white, were outlined against the church spires that rose above them into the still air.

Not a breath of wind shook any particle of snow from the great fir-trees; in that dazzling place their dark stems made a welcome resting-place for the eye.

Outside the one hotel that Neuhalt boasted, a little party of ski-runners had gathered, before starting on their daily expedition. Within the hotel a few members of the ski-running club still lingered in the lounge, to adjust straps or arrange rucksacks.

On the steps of the hotel a man and a girl stood to watch the ski-runners set forth.

"You are not going out to-day, Mrs. Forsyth?" he asked.

Eveleen Forsyth started a little at the question; she had been watching a tall, dark girl fix on her skis, with an expression that had not escaped her interrogator.

"Not to-day," she replied. "I think I shall give up skiing; it is too strenuous a joy for me."

The dark girl looked up from the strap that she was fastening.

"Yesterday too much for you?" she asked, standing upright and moving towards the steps.

"Yes," replied Eveleen Forsyth, "and I don't mean to repeat the experiment."

"What happened yesterday?" inquired a woman who had been listening near by.

Mrs. Forsyth met the speaker's eyes before she replied. She was convinced that Mrs. Appleby had no need to be supplied with any information on the subject; it had been discussed, she felt sure, between her and her friend, Miss Phillimore, after the latter had returned from the expedition in question.

"I kept the whole party waiting for me," she answered. "I spent half an hour, I believe, getting from the Obholz to the first gate, which everyone else had reached in about three minutes."

"How pleasant for your husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.

"How unpleasant for Mrs. Forsyth, I should have said," remarked Norman Trevor, a trifle sharply.

He was the English chaplain at the hotel, and his exceeding slightness had earned him the title of the Pocket Padre, when he had first appeared, and somehow the name had stuck.

"Oh, of course," replied Mrs. Appleby, quite impervious to his tone. She considered that Mrs. Forsyth had been culpably selfish in spoiling her husband's sport. He ought to have married a girl like Daisy Phillimore, but since he had tied himself to this nervous little person it was the business of his friends to save him from the con-

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sequences of his own mistake. She had meant to speak to the girl, and to point out that even the newly married husband might grow impatient.

"You see," she continued, "you are evidently not cut out for the sport, and since you are so nervous you had far better give it up."

"I have done so," replied Mrs. Forsyth quietly.

She was fully aware of Mrs. Appleby's opinion; that lady had a singular talent for conveying an impression. She had known Donald Forsyth from boyhood, and had early given his wife to understand that she claimed the privileges of an old friend.

"Very sensible of you, Mrs. Forsyth," she remarked. "Donald is not the sort of man who enjoys being kept back. At any rate you have the satisfaction of a reflected glory, for everyone knows he is the best amateur in the place."

"He told me yesterday that the position is disputed by Miss Phillimore."

"Did he?" said Daisy Phillimore. "Then I shall have to talk to him seriously about fibbing."

"Who has been embroidering the truth now, Miss Phillimore?" inquired Donald Forsyth, who had caught her last words as he approached.

"Why—you!" said the girl laughing. "You know quite well that none of us can touch you at ski-running."

"Do I?" he asked, with a glance appreciative of her admirable poise as she swung slightly on her skis, her tall figure, in its orthodox ski-running attire, standing out boldly against the background of sparkling snow. "Of course, one does not like to contradict a lady, but—" He made a little bow that conferred on her the laurels and expressed his homage.

The girl flushed.

"You exaggerate," she declared, though there was a gleam of supreme satisfaction in her eyes as she turned to Eveleen Forsyth.

"Your husband is a terrible flatterer," she said. "He will end by making me quite conceited."

"You are really not coming, Eveleen?" asked her husband, who had been fastening on his skis. "What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I shall probably go out with my toboggan," she said quietly. "I am afraid

that, as Mrs. Appleby says, I am not cut out for ski-running."

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "When one's nerve has gone this sort of thing is little short of torture."

Eveleen Forsyth did not answer for a moment; her husband could not know how great the torture had been, but at least she was able to prevent his realising it. Her next words dismissed the subject.

"I hope you will have a good day, Don," she said. "The snow ought to be splendid."

"It is excellent," he replied. "Good-bye, my dear, the others all seem to be starting."

He swung round on his skis as he spoke, with the ease of the expert, and his wife and the Pocket Padre stood at the entrance to the hotel till the last ski-runner had skimmed down the sloping drive to the gate and had disappeared round the bend into the road. Donald Forsyth had hurried after Miss Phillimore, and had reached her side before his wife lost sight of him.

Among the visitors to Neuhalt it was generally acknowledged that Donald Forsyth held the first place as a ski-runner. The sport was by no means new to him, and where it was concerned he was an enthusiast. It came to him as a surprise that his wife apparently could not pass the initial stage of ski-running.

"I can't go down these steep slopes, Don," she had said one day in complete despair. "I lose control over my skis, and then I fall. Couldn't I keep a little lower down to start with?"

"You ought to make yourself get confidence," he replied. "One can do nothing if one only sticks to the practice ground. You had a week there, and that ought to have been enough."

"I am afraid it wasn't," she said. "Perhaps a woman needs more practice than a man."

"I don't think so at all," he replied. "That is no argument. Look at Miss Phillimore! She told me yesterday that she went up the Kirchberger Horn after three days on the practice ground. It is just a matter of determination."

So Eveleen Forsyth had made attempt after attempt, with a result of miserable failure. After an expedition upon which she looked back as a veritable nightmare, she had decided to give up ski-running

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"You've got it! Now it will be plain sailing! A few more days, and you will be able to try any slope!"—p. 919.

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entirely. It was better to spend lonely days without her husband than to feel that she was being a drag upon him, though beneath the biting sense that she had failed there crouched the haunting fear that he was disappointed in her. He had once defined "a perfect comrade" as one who could share without effort in every interest. She felt that she had fallen far below this standard. Would he find that Miss Phillimore attained to it? Her mind shrank from the thought. It did not make things easier to know that her failure gave Daisy Phillimore ample opportunity for cultivating Donald Forsyth's acquaintance; the girl belonged to that curious class of women who think it necessary to make amends to a man for his wife's deficiencies.

It was with a very sore heart that she turned to enter the hotel. To her surprise she found the Pocket Padre still beside her. She had imagined herself alone, as she had stood, following the ski-runners in thought, and fighting down the bitterness that would have brought her into dangerous contact with emotion, had she allowed it to gain the upper hand.

"Are you going out with your toboggan?" she asked. "We might go up the Rodelbahn together."

There was a subtle note below the lightness of her tone that brought a curious little gleam into the Pocket Padre's eyes. Few things escaped his observation, and he had watched Eveleen Forsyth to some purpose, since chance words of Mrs. Appleby's, spoken openly in the hotel, had given him a clue to the situation. If ever a woman had set herself to ruin a girl's happiness she had done so.

"No," he said. "I don't think I am going up the Rodelbahn to-day. Why have you given up ski-ing?"

The colour surged into her face at the abruptness of his question.

"Because I am utterly stupid over it," she answered simply.

It was impossible to prevaricate with Norman Trevor. His blue eyes demanded a direct answer, and he usually obtained one.

"You are not stupid over it," he said quietly. "I have seen you on your skis, and I know that you only need more practice. You have tried to run before you could walk; you should have kept to the lower slopes for another week. The higher ones

were terrified you, before you could manage them, and no wonder," he added.

Eveleen Forsyth's candid eyes met his bravely as she answered:

"You are too hopeful. You must have seen me on the practice ground. I did manage better there."

"I have not seen you on the practice ground," he replied. "You—I heard you say so once—only remained on it for a week. I arrived here, you know, a good deal later than you and your husband."

"Then where," she asked, "can you have seen me on skis?"

"I was on the Hinterhorn yesterday, when you were coming down from the Obholz, and I had field glasses with me."

"You walked up there! Surely, there is no path up the Hinterhorn?"

"I was on my skis," replied the Pocket Padre, smiling.

The girl could not hide the surprise that she felt.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You were on skis on the Hinterhorn! Why, everyone says it is the most difficult ascent of all! Donald has not even attempted it yet."

"It is not really so difficult," he replied. "I did it ten years ago, when I first learnt to ski."

"But why," asked Eveleen Forsyth, "if you are such an expert ski-runner, do you not go out with the others?"

"Because," he replied. "I have been ill lately—I was in the Tropics for five years, and had malaria badly. I have to do the climbing very slowly, and I should always have kept the others back."

"I had an idea that you were a novice," said the girl. "I imagined that you went to the practice ground when I saw you carrying skis."

He smiled.

"I expect everyone thinks the same," he said. "Now, I have a suggestion to make. I am positive that I could teach you to negotiate quite a difficult slope in a week or so; you only need more coaching, and you will gain confidence as you get greater mastery over your skis. Will you let me take you out quietly, and give you a few hints? It would give such immense pleasure if you would."

"Do you really think that I could do it with more practice?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

THE PERFECT COMRADE

"I am certain of it," he said.

"But I should be such a drag on you; I couldn't let you sacrifice yourself like that!"

"It is no sacrifice—please don't think that, Mrs. Forsyth!" he said quickly. "Indeed, I shall enjoy teaching you; I want to justify my opinion."

"You are very good," she said. "And," she added impulsively, "you are doing far more for me than you think."

"I am glad," he said simply. "That would be reward sufficient for any service."

"Shall we begin to-day?" she asked with a touch of eagerness in her tone. "If you wouldn't mind our keeping it as a secret, I would rather my husband did not know what I am doing. If I fail he need never know."

"You will not fail," said Norman Trevor decidedly. "I shall see to that."

II

THE Pocket Padre was as good as his word.

For the following week he and his pupil escaped each morning, after the usual ski-running parties had left the hotel, to some remote spot, where they could pursue their lessons unobserved. Every day they returned triumphant after a little advance, and at last Norman Trevor exclaimed enthusiastically:

"You've got it! Now it will be plain sailing! Once you conquer that turn, the rest comes of itself. A few more days, and you will be able to try any slope."

In the meanwhile it had become a matter of course that Donald Forsyth should go off each day without his wife. He took it for granted that she intended her decision to be final, and that she had given up ski-running as beyond her powers. Her genuine eagerness that he should not remain behind on her account blinded him to the fact that the casual observer might draw an obvious conclusion. It was not unremarked that he paired off naturally with Miss Phillimore; and Eveleen Forsyth, following Mrs. Appleby's amused glance one day, understood the conclusion that was drawn, and winced. But she hugged to herself the knowledge that she would soon be able to compete with Miss Phillimore; she would not speak till Norman Trevor had pronounced her perfect.

Her birthday fell some ten days after the Pocket Padre had offered to coach her in ski-running. She wondered if her husband would remember it—her first birthday since their marriage. She fixed it as the date when she should ask him to give up his daily expedition for her sake. She pictured the surprise with which he would accept her invitation to make the Hinterhorn ascent, for, to her intense satisfaction, Norman Trevor had agreed that she might attempt it. He had entered into her scheme with almost boyish eagerness. They were to make a trial ascent the day before her birthday, so that he might show her the best slopes by which to descend.

She passed her test, he declared, with honours. With a little thrill of excitement she looked forward to the following day.

She stayed her husband on his way down to breakfast. He had evidently not remembered the anniversary; she had waited to give her invitation in case he should do so. As he had forgotten, there was no need to remind him of it. Her voice shook a little as she inquired:

"Have you any special expedition on to-day, Don?"

He hesitated for the fraction of a second. Why had she made the inquiry?

"Nothing very special," he said.

"Could you give it up?"

Again he hesitated. Then he said:

"I'm afraid I couldn't very well; I have promised to take Miss Phillimore up the Hinterhorn."

The Pocket Padre had finished breakfast, and was coming upstairs at the moment. He heard Donald Forsyth's reply, and his hand clenched suddenly on the banister. Mrs. Appleby, descending from her bedroom, found her way blocked by the husband and wife, and caught sight of the unmistakable anger on Norman Trevor's face. She paused, and was soon enlightened as to the subject under discussion. The worm was turning at last, she supposed. Donald Forsyth had saddled himself with a jealous wife; he was not to be allowed to go off alone, it appeared, with the dangerous Daisy.

Eveleen Forsyth looked at her husband for a moment without speaking. She saw neither Mrs. Appleby nor the Pocket Padre, as she asked in a curiously quiet voice:

"Alone? Are you going alone with her, Don?"

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"Of course," he answered; "there is no one else in the hotel good enough to attempt that ascent."

His conscience suddenly smote him. He had been forgetting how often he had left his wife by herself; it was scarcely wonderful if she rebelled. He seldom dilated on the joys of ski-running to her, fearing that she might be sensitive over her failure to acquire the art. He had not intended to tell her of this expedition for that reason; it was planned by Miss Phillimore, and he realised that he had been a good deal in her society of late. The temptation to vie with her, as his only rival as ski-running, had made him forget that his wife might think she had good cause for complaint. But he wished she had chosen a less public place in which to question him; he could not reply as he would have done had they been alone. He had seen the Pocket Padre ascending the staircase, and had heard someone pause behind them. He moved on, but his wife laid a detaining hand upon his sleeve.

"Couldn't you put her off for to-day, Don?" she said with a little touch of eagerness that he misconstrued.

"I'm afraid not," he answered, half annoyed by her persistence. "You see, she is leaving Neuhaalt to-morrow with Mrs. Appleby. It would seem so boorish to put her off for no special reason."

Eveleen Forsyth pulled herself together. She had not known that Miss Phillimore was leaving the next day, and the news would have given her unqualified satisfaction if she had not thought that she detected a note of regret in her husband's tone. Had the girl indeed become the perfect comrade she herself so longed to be?

"You will be starting soon?" she asked, trying to speak naturally.

"Directly after breakfast," he replied. "I must be quick, too, for I shall have to get my skis waxed to-day—the snow is inclined to ball."

Then, without waiting for further discussion, he ran down the stairway, nodding to the Pocket Padre as he passed.

His wife remained where he had left her, her face oddly set, and her eyes dark with suppressed emotion. Her little castle in the air had fallen into irreparable ruin. She started as a voice behind her gave her a morning greeting.

The meaning in Mrs. Appleby's smile, as

she passed her, acted as a whip, and roused her effectually. For the first time, she noticed that the Pocket Padre was waiting below on the staircase. The look with which he met her eyes told her that there was no need to explain the situation to him. She raised her head almost defiantly as she moved towards him, shrinking instinctively from appearing to demand his sympathy.

"I find my husband has other plans for to-day," she said lightly. "I must put off my little surprise for another time!"

The Pocket Padre did not think so.

"Mrs. Forsyth," he said urgently. "Why don't you go too? Why shouldn't we make a foursome?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then she said:

"Not to-day, I think, if you don't mind. I am not quite ready, and I would rather not keep them waiting."

"I see," he said disappointedly.

He would have liked her to have gone, if it had only been to show those two what she could do. The reason she gave seemed to him inadequate. As Mrs. Forsyth turned and went back to her own room he told himself that he believed he could guess what had prompted her decision; she would not let it be said that she objected to her husband going alone with Miss Phillimore.

How she dragged through the hours of that weary day Eveleen Forsyth could not have said. She had pleaded letter-writing as an excuse for refusing to accompany the Pocket Padre when he suggested their going out together; it is doubtful if any of the letters she attempted to write went farther than the waste-paper basket.

Dusk was already falling when Norman Trevor returned to the hotel, after several hours spent in exploring a new ascent. He found Mrs. Forsyth awaiting him in the lounge. She was dressed for ski-running, and he could see that she had already been out.

Mrs. Appleby was seated near the door, with a picture paper spread open on her lap. Through the glass of the swing-doors he saw, as he entered, that the usual ski-running parties had come in. A glance at Mrs. Forsyth's face showed him also that her husband and Miss Phillimore had evidently not returned.

"Mr. Forsyth is not back?" he asked, meeting her troubled eyes. "I expect they will soon be in."

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"Again silence fell upon them, and they toiled upwards, with rare pauses to take
breath"—p 952.

THE QUIVER

"That is what I tell her!" remarked Mrs. Appleby. "It seems absurd to me to be anxious about two people who are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves. And besides, when enthusiasts get together you know——"

"Even enthusiasts meet with accidents occasionally," returned Norman Trevor. "The ski-runner is liable to various mishaps. Also, it is growing dark, and the Hinterhorn is not easy to descend unless you know it."

"Dear me, Mr. Trevor, one would think that you knew the place intimately! Donald assured me that he would have no difficulty in piloting Miss Phillimore."

He did not trouble to answer her, but turned to Eveleen Forsyth.

"I think," he said, "that I will go off and see if I can find them. Something may be wrong, and at least it would relieve your mind."

"It would, indeed," she replied gratefully. "But I am coming with you. I am sure my husband did not mean to be so late."

"But, my dear girl," expostulated Mrs. Appleby, "surely you realise that it is useless your attempting to get up the Hinterhorn! Why, Donald himself has never been until to-day. You do not want him to carry you down, I presume."

The Pocket Padre gave a short laugh.

"Mrs. Forsyth skied down the Hinterhorn with me yesterday," he said distinctly. "We may perhaps find that our going now is not at all unnecessary."

Then he turned on his heel, leaving Mrs. Appleby limp with amazement, and followed Eveleen Forsyth out of the hotel.

They shouldered their skis and made their way through the village. Evening had already set in, though the snow glimmered faintly and prevented the darkness from being complete. At the Conditorei the Pocket Padre secured a lantern, and they tramped on silently. A stiff climb of two hours probably lay before them, and they had no time to spare for words. There seemed little doubt that something had happened on the Hinterhorn.

In the dim light it loomed before them almost menacingly. When they reached the place where they must leave the road they paused to fix on their skis.

They had begun to cross the first snowfield that lay between them and the higher

slopes, when Norman Trevor suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with his alpenstock towards the crest of the Hinterhorn.

It rose abruptly, snow-crowned and treeless. Where a moment ago it had been dimly discernible, the sharp outline now sparkled against the background of dark sky, as though touched by some magician's wand. Above the mountains across the valley the moon had appeared, and, as they gazed, the Hinterhorn gleamed and shimmered till the snowfield at the summit was a marvel of matchless purity.

"I had forgotten the moon," said the Pocket Padre, moving on. "That simplifies things considerably. We shall soon be able to see their tracks, and if, as I think——" He paused.

"Yes?—if, as you think?"

"If they have tried to return by the wrong slopes," he said, "I know we shall need all the light we can get."

"What do you think can have happened?"

She had not dared to put the question before.

"I believe they have tried the slope that I pointed out to you yesterday as leading to a cul-de-sac. If so, they have been overtaken by the darkness, and it is doubtful what course they have chosen. They may be in the gorge which leads farther into the mountain, and in that case nothing short of being guided can help them. It is hopeless to try getting out by oneself unless one knows the way; and in the dark—for it will be dark in the gorge for some time yet—it is practically impossible."

"Have you been there?"

There was a note of keen anxiety in her voice. If he did not know the gorge, how could they hope to find the wanderers?

"I know it well," he returned. "I explored it years ago, and know of an easy enough ascent from it. But you will be dead beat if you have to go down there and up again. We still have an hour's climb before we can even find out if their tracks lead there."

"I could go twice as far if I thought we should find them," replied the girl.

Again silence fell upon them, and they toiled upwards, with rare pauses to take breath. As they climbed, the moon sailed

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clear of the mountain-tops and flooded the Hinterhorn with a wonderful radiance.

Suddenly the Pocket Padre paused.

"There are their tracks!" he cried. "Do you see?—away to our left. We had better get on to them at once."

He led the way, and soon they were bearing towards a spur that gleamed out against a background of dense shadow.

"As I thought," remarked the Pocket Padre, and his face grew a trifle grim as he noted the direction that the ski runners had taken. It had been little short of foolhardy in Donald Forsyth to attempt ascending the Hinterhorn before he knew something of the slopes.

They had climbed on for some half-hour before he spoke again.

"They have gone down into the gorge," he said briefly, pointing at the fresh tracks in the driven snow. "I am going to call to them."

He raised his voice and shouted. The sound broke abruptly upon the surrounding stillness, and echoed from spur to spur.

In silence as profound as death they awaited some answering cry. There was not the faintest suggestion of response.

"We must go down," said Norman Trevor, glancing at his companion's set face. "It is a terrific pitch—can you manage it, do you think?"

Eveleen Forsyth only nodded. She could have undertaken to negotiate any slope at that moment.

"Then follow my lead," he replied, and shot down the steep incline.

The snow hissed from under their skis and sprang up like foam. In their ears the air sang sharply; Nature herself seemed to be sharing in the search.

When at last they drew up in the darkness at the foot of the gorge, the Pocket Padre turned to his pupil.

"I'm proud of you," he said. "It needed some nerve to attack that slope, and you took it magnificently."

The words had hardly left his lips when there came a shout from the opposite side of the gorge.

"Is that you, Forsyth?" called out the Pocket Padre.

"Yes," came back the answer. "Who is there?"

"It is I—Norman Trevor," returned the Pocket Padre, and he unfastened the lantern

from his belt and held it up. "Are you and Miss Phillimore all right?"

"We're coming," was the prompt reply.

Eveleen Forsyth suddenly put out her hand to steady herself, and gripped the Pocket Padre's arm with small, vice-like fingers. He understood.

"It is all right," he said gently. "They have evidently only lost their way. There hasn't been an accident; they will be with us directly."

Now that the tension was over, there seemed no words in which to express relief. In silence they awaited the errant ski-runners.

As he clambered up the slope to where the Pocket Padre stood, Donald Forsyth inquired:

"Are you alone, Trevor? I saw you, because of the light from the lantern, but I thought two of you came down, and it looked to me as if the other were a lady——"

He broke off, as though the idea were preposterous. It needed no ordinary skill and courage to plunge into the darkness of the gorge from the moonlit upper slopes.

"You saw us?" asked the Pocket Padre, holding the lantern so that Eveleen Forsyth stood in deep shadow. "Why didn't you answer me when I called?"

"We didn't hear you call," replied Daisy Phillimore, toiling into the circle of light.

"We came round that spur over there, just as you started down it, and I certainly imagined that I saw someone with you. Are you really by yourself?"

Then the Pocket Padre turned the light upon his companion's face.

* * * * *

When the door of their room had closed upon them for the night, and they were alone for the first time since the morning, Donald Forsyth stood silent, looking at his wife. Then he uttered three words:

"You wonderful child!" he said.

With a question in his eyes, he opened his arms.

She crept into them, and laid her tired head against his shoulder.

"I am not worthy to hold you here—can you forgive my blindness and neglect?" he whispered. "What made you accept the Pocket Padre's offer?"

She raised her face, and her arms slid round his neck.

"The ambition to be your perfect comrade, my beloved," she replied.

FOUR GATES

Serial Story

By AMY LE FEUVRE

CHAPTER XXII

MOTHERHOOD

"Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,

And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
'Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;

Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—

With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn
away.'"

CAMPBELL.

MEANWHILE downstairs Fay was having tea in the drawing-room with her aunt. She came in from the garden when she was called, rubbing her wet little red hands with her handkerchief.

"I'm quite tidy still," she informed Miss Selkirk in her cheerful little voice; "I muddled my hands over the grave, and then I washed them in a lovely tank of water outside the stable. Is mummie better?"

"Your mother is in bed. You must sit still on that chair and not make any crumbs."

Fay was most anxious to oblige. She handled her bread and butter most carefully, but her tongue could not keep silent.

"I do like this house very much," she said. "Are we going to sleep here many nights? I was finking I could show you how to play cats-cradle after tea, if you was dull, I mean. Would you like to try? It's very easy. Daddy and me does it wonderful."

"How long has your father left you?"

"He put us on the ship, you know. He didn't leave us. We lefted him. Poor daddy! It's a drefful sad fink for him to be left without his little girl! And mummie too—that's a dreffuller thing. I used to live alone with him once upon a time, you know; before we knowed

mummie. It was rather uncomfable, 'cause daddy couldn't mend my stockings, and my curls was so tangly him and me used to give up the comb and take to the brush, and that mummie says is very bad for a child's head. Poor mummie! she does miss daddy so much, and so do I. But, you see, I've got her, and she's got nobody."

A pause, then:

"Do you know, Aunt Marget, I fink if you was to ask me I could say 'Yes' to that nice currant cake."

It says much for Miss Selkirk's imperturbability of spirits, that never a smile came to her lips as her small niece chatted on. Fay was perfectly oblivious of the gravity of her aunt. She enjoyed her tea thoroughly, and then getting off her chair, remarked:

"I fink I had better go to mummie. I know she's rather troubled about us. And I'll tell her to go to sleep, and I'll say 'God bless you' like she does me. You're quite sure we shan't have to go away before to-morrow?"

"If you are a very good little girl," said Miss Selkirk, "you shall stay some weeks with me, and your mother too."

"I fink I'm good nearly always," said Fay, balancing on one foot and looking up into her aunt's face thoughtfully, "but the devil seeks me pretty often, you know. The Bible says so, and when he roars at me to run and hide when I'm out of doors, and mummie calls me—well, then I do it! He's so tarsome when he roars!"

She pattered out of the room after this speech, and Miss Selkirk sat and looked into her fire, for she knew that she had undertaken no light charge when she had offered Honor and Fay a home, and she could not yet get accustomed to the ways of such a child as Fay.

After a long night's rest Honor was wonderfully refreshed and rested. Old Christine's kindness had comforted her much, and when she came downstairs the next morning, and Miss Selkirk expressed surprise at seeing her down to breakfast, she said:

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"I do not give way as a rule. It is not often I feel so done for as I did yesterday."

After breakfast, as it was a bright morning, Fay was turned loose in the garden again. She was already the greatest friends with all the servants. She had invaded the kitchen and shaken hands with the old cook and the young housemaid, informing them that she meant to have a kitchen of her own when she grew up and cook all day long. She had been taken by Isaacs the groom to see the fat grey pony in the stable, and the Irish terrier, who loved the pony better than anyone else in the world. And now that she was well out of the way, and Honor employed with the needlework that was seldom out of her hand, Miss Selkirk began to talk about her brother.

She pointed to the picture of Knockaburn which hung on the drawing-room wall over her davenport.

"He sold the old place," she said bitterly, "which had been ours for eight generations, and he sold it as he might an old coat—glad to get rid of it at any price."

"He was not happy there," said Honor; "he had had an unhappy boyhood, and that is a thing that one never forgets. He said it had been a prison to him."

"He was not a true Selkirk; he had some of the flighty blood of our father's mother, who was French. My mother tried so hard to train him up into a sober, stolid Scotsman; but she felt, poor thing! before she died, what a failure she had made of it. Allick will never do anything all his life but please himself. Easy, happy-go-lucky, and thriftless he will always be. He killed his first wife by neglect. I heard that much from people who knew them. When he wanted to get rid of Fay he married you to look after her. Now that you are not able to go round with him, and wait on him hand and foot, he ships you off for someone else to look after. By and by, if it suits him, he will come back to you again. If it does not, he will stay away. And if you are not able to support yourself independently of him, it will be a bad outlook for you."

"Oh," cried Honor; "you are hard, hard! He has never said one unkind word to me. He and his child are devoted to each other. I own he is thoughtless. He seems to have no idea of money, or of what it costs to live, but he is a good father, and he has been a good husband to me. If he did

choose me to be a mother to his child, rather than to be a wife to himself, I do not complain. I feel the time will come when he will want a home and will come back to me for it. He is absolutely faithful to me. He never looks or cares for the friendship of women. He is bitten with the mania for speculating in a variety of investments all over the world, and he loves travelling and men's society. You may have seen his worst side as an impatient, restless young man; but I have seen his better side, and I know that as time goes on he will want a woman's sympathy and tenderness to help him through life."

"And his child will grow up like him," said Miss Selkirk bitterly. "She has his flighty, restless ways."

"No, no," cried Honor hotly. "Fay is a darling. I will not give her the training her father had. That was his ruin. Suppression on every side. I shall train Fay up in fearless freedom if I can. She is a warm, tender-hearted child, unselfish, and clever and original. I have studied her and I know her, for I love children. She is the joy of her father's heart, and I am sure she is of mine. Wait a little, Miss Selkirk, and you will find yourself losing your heart to her before long."

"I never understand children and never shall."

Miss Selkirk set her lips grimly as she spoke. If she did not care for Fay, she certainly began to like Honor.

Honor's extreme quietness and unselfishness could not but be appreciated by the rugged Scotswoman. Though Miss Selkirk rarely smiled, her tone became milder and more sympathetic when she addressed her sister-in-law, and Honor learnt to understand that her severe demeanour sometimes hid a kind heart.

That day Honor wrote to her father and to Pauline. Pride had prevented her from doing this before when her purse was empty, and she was homeless. And on the following day her baby was born. The quiet household of Miss Selkirk was much excited over the event. Fay wondered much over the strange nurse and doctor who came to the house, and when eventually Miss Selkirk told her the news, the child stared at her with open mouth and eyes.

"A little baby brother! Who gived him to me?"

"God has given him to your mother. You must be a good girl, and give no

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trouble. No, you cannot go up to your mother. She must not be disturbed."

"Is he a tiny little baby? Do tell me; how did he come? I finked last night I heard a baby cry outside the windows, only Christine telled me it was owls. I 'spect it was him, poor little fink, flying round and tapping at the windows to get in, and then mummie opened hers. He did come down from Heaven, didn't he? Oh, I want to see him dreffully."

"You will see him to-morrow, if you are good."

Poor Fay found it hard to be patient. She missed Honor intensely; and Miss Selkirk did not know how to talk to children. But she did her best, even to going to visit Fay after she was in bed, which Honor invariably did.

"Are you asleep, Fay?" Miss Selkirk asked, seeing only the top of a curly golden head above the bedclothes. With a wriggle and a sigh Fay raised herself in bed.

"Come here, Aunt Marget, put your finger on my pillow here—just here—now what do you feel?"

Fay's tone was solemn and mysterious.

"I feel nothing," said Miss Selkirk; "it is a hot little pillow, and a trifle damp."

"Yes," said Fay nodding her head with an important, rather pleased smile on her face, "it's a tear place. I've been dropping kontities of tears, Aunt Marget, quite quietly, but they comed out of me because I can't see mummie, and I feel so alone."

"You must learn to do without your mother," said Miss Selkirk gravely. "You are not a baby, and she will not be able to give you so much attention now as she has done. Your little brother will take up all her time."

"But she might let me see her just to say good-night, and God bless you."

A little sob was rising in Fay's throat.

"I'll send Christine to you," said Miss Selkirk hastily, dreading a scene, and she left the room. Christine came and took the child in her arms.

"There, my bonny bairn, go ye to sleep. Your mither will be seein' ye in the morn. She's verra weak and ill, dearie, that's why she canna see ye the night. But 'tis a mercy she came through so weel. An' the baby is healthy tho' sma'."

"Is mummie ill? Nobody telled me that. I'll go to sleep, Christine. I wouldn't disturb her for all the world."

And Fay turned over and laid her head

upon her pillow, relieved to find that it was not neglect but illness which kept Honor away from her.

She crept into Honor's room on tiptoe the next morning.

"Are you really better, mummie dear? You're sure I didn't make you ill by eating your sandwiches in the train?"

Honor smiled, and put her hand on Fay's curls.

"No, darling," she whispered; "I shall soon be well, I hope. Be a good girl, and now look at baby." She pulled down a bit of the sheet, and Fay looked in awe at the tiny, red, puckered face of the new arrival.

"He's like a doll. Oh, mummie, I really fink I can take care of him for you—may I? I should like to carry him."

But the nurse came forward and told her she must go out of the room, and Fay obediently went. The event was so unexpected and so strange that it quite bewildered her.

And Honor lay weak and happy and grateful beyond words to Miss Selkirk for taking her in at such a time.

In a few days she was able to talk about the future, which began to press heavily upon her.

"I must write to Alick," she said.

"You need not," was Miss Selkirk's quick reply; "I have done so myself. I want him clearly to understand that I will not relieve him of his responsibilities towards wife and children. So I have told him that I am only keeping you till you get strong again."

"Yes," assented Honor quietly. "I quite understand that, but, Miss Selkirk—"

"You had better call me Margaret."

"I will. I am wondering if you would mind finding me cheap country lodgings near here. Of course, if you would rather I was not in your neighbourhood, I can go elsewhere. But I have always heard that Devonshire is cheap for living, and I should not then have the expense of travelling. I will get some work from that woman in town. It seemed so strange the way I went in. I saw a baby's nightdress in the window, and I was making mine. I saw that my waist was too low down, and I just stepped in to ask the woman if she would let me measure mine by it. That was the beginning. She admired my work, and then told me that a sister of hers who had always helped her with her orders had just married and left her. And somehow or other I told her how I was circumstanced. She gave

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me some work at once, and I believe she would always keep me busy, for she has continual orders for layettes. Don't you think I may be able to support myself and the children till I hear from Alick?"

Honor looked so white and frail and yet so eager that Miss Selkirk was touched.

"You needn't worry over lodgings or work at present."

"But I cannot let you have the expense of the nurse and the doctor. It is very good of you to do as much as you are doing. I really mean to repay you if I can."

"We will let Alick do that."

The news of Honor's return and the birth of her boy came with startling force to the Rector. Pauline met the rector in the afternoon of the same day in which he had received the account.

"My poor girl!" he said. "We ought to have had her home, but my wife's nerves are so bad that it would have been difficult.

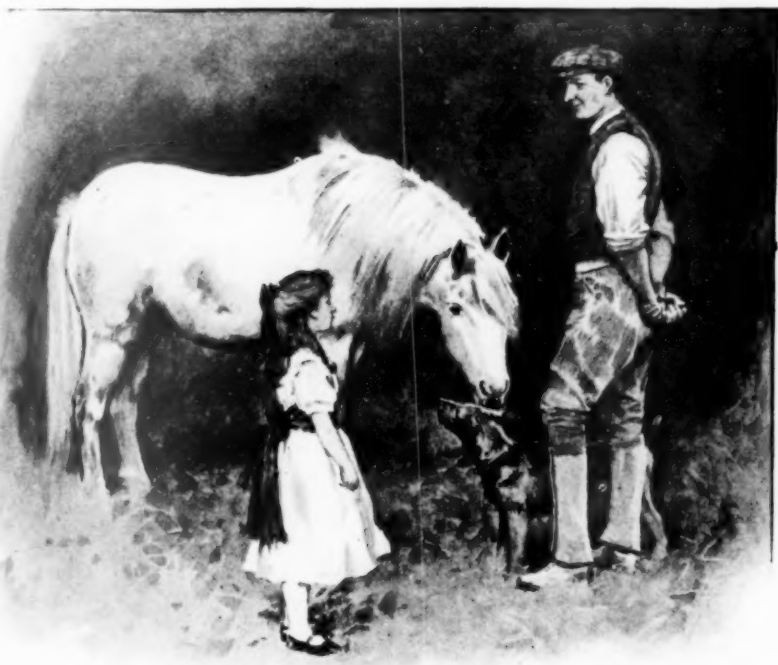
And as she says, we really have not room. Dear me! To think of me being a grandfather! It is nice for Honor being with her husband's sister. She is no doubt very comfortable there."

Pauline wondered if Honor was so comfortable. Her little note to her had been blotted and tear-stained.

"Pray for me, Pauline. I may not live through it. I can't come home. And I am grateful to Miss Selkirk for receiving me. The future looks dull and hopeless, and my outlook is East, East, East! If it was not for Fay, I think the best thing would be for me to die."

Pauline answered this lovingly and tenderly. She was rejoiced when she heard again a fortnight later.

"I am sitting up and so comfortable and happy. Oh, Pauline, how can I describe my boy! I feel as if I have never lived till now. I have never thought that I should ever have a little child of my own.



"She was taken by Isaacs the groom to see the fat grey pony in the stable"—p. 955.

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I feel strung up to do and dare and endure, for I have him to live for. Miss Selkirk is a good, true friend, but of the rigid Scotch school, and cannot understand our little Fay. I have a dream of a workman's cottage, and of having the two children by myself. How happy I should be! But it is a question of money. Oh, Pauline, do you ever wish for the superfluous gold of the rich in our land? If only—but I won't complain. I wish travelling were cheaper—I should like to see you so. But I have quite come to the conclusion that I could not take a cottage near my home. And, Pauline, I know you can keep a secret. I must earn money. If you know of any way tell it to me. But I cannot leave the children. Needlework seems the only thing that I can do. How I should like to show you my baby! They say he is small, but he is healthy and has such deep blue eyes and a sweet solemn little smile. As he lies in my lap and looks up at me, he seems to say: 'I'm sorry for you, but it will be my turn to help you by and by,' and I know and believe he will."

So Pauline knew that Honor was happy in her baby, and though she felt anxious at the apparent lack of money, she did not know the exact circumstances, and had no idea that Honor was absolutely penniless. It was well she did not know, for it was out of her power to help.

CHAPTER XXIII

A BABY'S LIFEWORSHIP

"And was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy young life to lay
Such burden pledging thee to vows thou never canst unsay?
What if thou bear the Cross within, all aching and decay?
And 'twas I that laid it on thee—what if thou fall away?
Such is Love's deep misgiving when stronger far than Faith,
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for Life and Death."

KEBLE.

IT was a sweet morning in early June. Honor sat in Miss Selkirk's drawing-room by the open window. Her baby was in her lap, but she was stitching busily. Miss Selkirk was gardening outside, and Fay was pretending to help her by carrying away the weeds that she was rooting up from her rose beds.

Honor heard their voices and smiled at

Miss Selkirk's grave, matter-of-fact replies to Fay's erratic remarks.

"I'm not putting the weedseeds on the bonfire, you know. I'm poking them down in a deep hole with their heads topsy-turvy, because I don't want to hurt the poor things, and they will grow down to New Zealand, perhaps, and then they'll come out the right way up, and I deesay there's many poor children will be glad of some weeds in their gardings where they haven't any grass. Do you know, Aunt Marget, there's places where daddy has been that never grows no weeds nor nuffin? It's all sand and sand and sand."

"That is desert," announced Miss Selkirk. "New Zealand has quite as much grass as England."

"Has it? I like sand better than earth, don't you? Acause, it never muddies you. And in heaven, you know, the paths are made of sugar, no sand or muddy earth at all. At least, I fink it is heaven, or else it's Fairyland. And now I'll go and help dear Isaacs to clean his harness. Gardening is tarseome when I feels so hot."

She was off in a minute. Miss Selkirk looked in at the drawing-room window.

"There speaks her father," she said with her little bitter smile. "Alick would never continue doing anything that was irksome to him."

"Fay is very young yet," said Honor apologetically.

"Not too young to be trained in habits of steadfastness of purpose and self-denial."

Honor made no answer, then Miss Selkirk continued weeding her rose beds, and when her task was finished she came into the drawing-room and stood looking down upon the sleeping baby in silence.

"Do you mean him to be a second Alick?" she asked.

"I shall not train him as Alick was trained," said Honor firmly; "will you never make allowances for him, Margaret?"

"I know you think me hard but he made my mother suffer, and I can never forget that our old home is in the hands of strangers. There was no need to sell it. Mother saved all her life and denied herself and us many pleasures so that Alick should come into his inheritance unencumbered by debt. And that is how he repaid her! Sold every bit of it, with some of our priceless pictures and china, and has squandered the money away on himself and his pleasures."



"I can never forget that our old home is in the hands of strangers. He sold every bit of it, and squandered the money on himself and his pleasures."

THE QUIVER

Honor looked down upon her boy very thoughtfully, then a pink flush came into her cheeks, making her look almost pretty. She looked up at Miss Selkirk with a sudden inspiration.

"And his son, Margaret, shall buy that inheritance back. I mean it. God willing, I will train him and teach him towards that end. It will be his life work. He shall bring back the old home to the Selkirks, and you and I shall live to see it. I was thinking over his name—I want to call him Victor. There is so much in a name; it will give him hope from the beginning. And that is everything. If a child is taught from his infancy that with God's help he can overcome, if he feels that he is meant to be a victor over adverse circumstances, over trials, over temptations, he will have courage and energy and hope, which is half the battle."

Miss Selkirk was astonished at the enthusiasm in the quiet Honor's voice, but she was touched to the depths of her soul. She placed her hand gently on the baby's head.

"If he succeeds in righting what his father has done he will have my blessing now. Name him Victor if you like. His father will not object, I know. There was one Victor in our family many years ago."

"I know. It is the name of one of the miniatures over the mantelpiece," said Honor pointing to them; "that is what made me think of it. I think of so much as I sit and work here. I have all my life been so fond of children that I can hardly believe I have now actually one of my own. I want to make no mistakes in his training. I shall give him to God, and I believe God will take him. His baptism will be no light matter to me. I shall surround him with love, but from the first I shall make a strong point of self-denial, even self-sacrifice; only I shall hope that love to God and love for his fellow creatures will be his motive power. He is a boy, not a girl. I want him to grow up an upright, steadfast, courteous gentleman in the true sense of the word. And he shall reclaim his inheritance if he works hard all his life to do it."

Honor spoke as if she were inspired, and Miss Selkirk's cold face kindled and quickened at her words.

"I shall hold you to your vow," she said; "and I will do all in my power to help you in such a purpose."

The two women looked down upon the

child then in silence. The first gleam of hope dawned in the rugged Scotswoman's eyes. Both she and the mother let their thoughts run on to the future, when this atom of humanity would be a power for good in the world. Miss Selkirk saw her old home redeemed. Farther than that her thoughts did not go. Honor saw a strong, honourable man influencing many for good, and using his hardy earned inheritance as a trust from God.

And the baby boy slept on, unconscious of the part which he was ordained to play.

As the spring deepened into summer Honor regained her health and strength. She insisted upon taking in the needlework with which her friend in London supplied her. When Alick's remittance came at last, it was only twenty pounds, and he did not say when he could send her any more.

She wrote and told him of the birth of her boy; but he was not a good correspondent, and it was a long time before she heard. Then his letter was affectionate but vague.

"I am glad you are near Margaret. She will look after you, but I quite see with you that you ought to be in a home of your own. Get a cheap furnished cottage. There are plenty of them, and then when I can I'll join you. Don't expect too much from me. Several of my speculations have failed. I'm an unfortunate beggar. Hope our son has been born under a lucky star; his father wasn't. Kiss my girlie for me, and tell her that I had a sledge ride yesterday drawn by six Esquimaux dogs. I'll send you a ten-pound note next time I write; but don't know when that will be."

Honor read this with a smile and a sigh. Miss Selkirk did not ask to see it, but when Honor handed her the £20 she refused to take a penny.

"It will just clothe you and the children. What a foolish girl you were to marry him!"

She would not hear of her leaving her. "No, we have fitted in together very well. I was getting morose and selfish. I like to have you with me. I know it is bad for Alick, but I cannot help that. I don't think he would send you any more if you were starving."

It was in June that Honor received a letter from her father, saying that his wife was going away for three weeks to visit a cousin, and she had suggested that Honor should come to the Rectory and look after

FOUR GATES

things while she was away. He told her that Mrs. Broughton would arrange for the nursery governess to have her holiday at the same time. Honor's eyes brightened. The thought of seeing her father and small sisters in such a way filled her with delight.

Miss Selkirk marvelled at her. She had heard a good deal about the Rectory household.

"Do you realise," she said, "that you have now two children of your own to look after? How can you take charge of that household without the governess or your step-mother to help you?"

Honor laughed.

"I shall find it nothing, nothing at all! Love makes all things easy, Margaret."

"They only ask you when they want to make use of you," said Miss Selkirk; but she made no further objections, and saw Honor comfortably off in a second-class carriage from Exeter.

It was a very happy home-going to Honor, as happy as her former visit had been miserable. Her three little sisters welcomed Fay warmly, but insisted upon her prefixing "Aunt" to their respective names. They adored the baby, and clung round Honor's skirts as of old. Fay was at first a little jealous.

"She's my mother and belongs to me. You talk me down, and I don't like it."

"She belongs to us, we knewed her before you was born," argued Chatty.

"She's our sister," said Minnie, "that's much more close than a stepmother."

"Hush! hush!" cried Honor. "I won't have quarrelling. We'll all belong to each other."

It was not long before Pauline came round to see her. She found her in the Rectory garden, surrounded by the children.

"Why, Honor, this is like old times," said Pauline as she kissed her affectionately.

"Yes, isn't it? We are going to have tea out here. Father will be in directly. He is visiting a sick parishioner. Now, Pauline, look at my boy."

The young mother held out her baby, and Pauline took it into her arms with tender, adoring eyes.

As she stood there in the sunlight in her white linen gown looking down upon the infant, Honor said earnestly:

"Oh, Pauline! If an artist could paint you! You look—well, almost like the Virgin and Child. Oh, you ought to be a mother! You are more fit for it than I!"

"The same Honor as ever!" said Pauline smiling at her. "Always underrating yourself. Has your marriage not taught you differently?"

Victor began to whimper. Honor took him back, then reseated herself under an old chestnut tree, and pulled forward a chair for Pauline.

"Talk to me!" she said. "I seem to have had no one to whom I could confide for years! I have longed for you so much, Pauline! No, I'm not fit to be a mother; when my boy grows up he'll think nothing of me—no one does. All my life I have been so accustomed to be considered a nonentity that I shall never be anything else."

"You are a married woman now," said Pauline brightly.

"I know, but I don't feel I have the position of one—no home, my husband away, and no money. There, Pauline! I'm telling you what I can tell no one else! I'm simply a dependent on Miss Selkirk at present. Alick is very badly off. It is very strange, but when I married him I never thought I should have money troubles again. I took it for granted that he had plenty. He hasn't enough to give us a home; and it is not only myself that has to be provided for, but two children. Sometimes my heart sinks within me. Why are things so different from what we expect?"

Pauline was silent, and Honor continued:

"I look back now and see the mistake I made. God moved too slowly for me, and I thought I would manage better. Wasn't it strange? But at the very time I was making up my mind that they had filled up my place at home and would never want me any more, Miss Paton was just leaving, and father was writing me a letter to tell me they wanted me back again! Pauline, if I had got that letter a day sooner I should never have married!"

Then, after a pause, she added:

"I must speak out to you, Pauline; you don't know the infinite relief of it. I am so bitterly disappointed that I can influence my husband so little. It was my one hope. He really did want me, and I thought that perhaps I could lead him to value heavenly things more and earthly things less. Instead of which I seem to have lost a good deal of my own faith



"Will you be friends with me?" asked Pauline."

and trust in God, and he has not changed in the least. I have not the personal or spiritual power to influence a man for good. I see it now. It's all so different, so very different from what I thought."

Poor Honor! Always naturally morbid and over-conscientious, she was pouring out to Pauline now all the doubts and fears of her timid heart. Pauline listened to the story of Knockaburn, of Alick's youth and manhood, and she did not know which she pitied most, the sister or the brother. When Honor had finished speaking she said gently:

"Honor dear, you say you have learnt not to go in front of God. Leave the future even the matter of Knockaburn. Personally I feel that it would give a boy an impetus for work and self-denial that would be good for him; but he is a baby at present. Train him to serve and love God first of all, that is all you have to think about at present. If your life is

right with God I think you are bound unconsciously to influence your husband and children for good."

Tears welled up in Honor's eyes.

"Oh, you have done me a lot of good, Pauline. I have a great deal to thank God for. And don't think that my husband is unkind or neglectful of me. He is not that. He has never said one cross word since we have been married. I think I can bear the separation better than most women could. You see a child is all in all to me, more than fifty husbands. I am not the girl to attract and keep men's attentions and affections. I mean they like me more for what I do than what I am. You understand the difference, don't you? I know my husband has a sincere regard for me, and he is faithful to me. He never would be otherwise. But, as I told his sister, men's society is more to him than women's, and I know his Bohemian love of wandering will keep him away from me the

FOUR GATES

greater part of our lives. If I had a little home of my own I should be content and happy, but then that would be too much of a Southern aspect for me, wouldn't it?"

She ended up with a little laugh, but Pauline felt near tears, the pathos of it touched her so.

"I'm sure," Honor persisted, "I thrive best in a cutting wind, and, as you say, I do get the sun with it. Now tell me about our Southern pilgrim. Where is she?"

"Amabel? She had her baby a month or two ago. She writes very happily, but her husband tells her mother that the doctor advises her coming home for a year, and he is going to try to send her with the child this coming autumn."

"I should like to see her again. She is such a sunny-hearted creature that I wonder how she will bear the separation from her husband."

"She will feel it, but the joy of being with her parents will be compensation. I'm afraid I must be going, Honor dear. Will you come round and see me if you can? Perhaps it is selfish to ask it, for you must have your hands full."

"I love managing a house," said Honor. "Of course I will. There does not seem half so much to do as there used to be. This Mr. Danby seems to do all the outside work. I hear he has started a village cricket club."

"Yes; he is very keen about it. It is the thin edge of the wedge to establish a workmen's club before next winter. He is a great favourite with the villagers."

"I should think so. Old Mary White came up to see me this morning. I gave her some of baby's clothes to wash, and she said: 'We do be hopin' Mr. Danby will be getting a wife soon. There be only one woman good enough for him hereabouts, and he do see her pretty constant. I thought I must tell you.'"

Pauline laughed merrily.

"He is a pleasant acquaintance," she said. "He has brightened up some of my dull days for me."

Honor called Fay, who was busy at the other end of the lawn with her little sisters, having a dolls' tea-party in a very earwiggy, tumbledown summer-house.

She came flying across the grass.

"Yes, mummie, do tell me what you think. Won't black tea make my children see ghostes? Daddy always says it did."

"Shake hands with this lady, darling. She is my greatest friend, and loves little children."

Fay put out her hand and looked up a little shyly through her tangle of golden hair into Pauline's smiling face. She was kissed at once.

"Will you be friends with me?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, yes; I isn't not friends with no one except the devil, and God tells me to have nuffin' to do with him at all."

"Then you must come and see me in my little house one day when mother has time to bring you."

Fay lifted up her face and spoke in a penetrating whisper.

"And we'll leave those chillen behind," pointing to Honor's little sisters. "They rather crowd me about, you know. I feel too full of them when they're round me. And fancy!—isn't it strordinary—they don't know anything 'bout the world. I telled them little England was just a speck outside the land on the water. That's what it looks like to God or to anybody standing at the top o' the world. Daddy splained it to me, and Minnie said that England was the biggest country on earth. It's rubbis' and nonsense, and so we kicked each other, but we're very dear friends now."

As she bounded away Pauline looked at Honor with sparkling eyes.

"There's a streak of sunshine you have with you perpetually, Honor!"

"Yes, indeed; but, Pauline, she was my temptation. I would never have married if it had not been for her."

Pauline walked home wondering if Honor's rash step were going to cost her dear, or whether it would ennoble and strengthen her character. She saw a great deal of her during her visit home, and when the last days came, and Honor was bidding her good-bye, she said to her:

"Keep up your heart, Honor. I believe if you will trust and not be afraid, God has some good things in store for you."

"When I look at you and realise what your life is, and yet how happy and courageous you are, I determine to follow your example," said Honor. "I am going back to Miss Selkirk's stronger in every way for seeing you; but, oh, Pauline!—don't laugh—you must marry and have children of your own!"

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE]

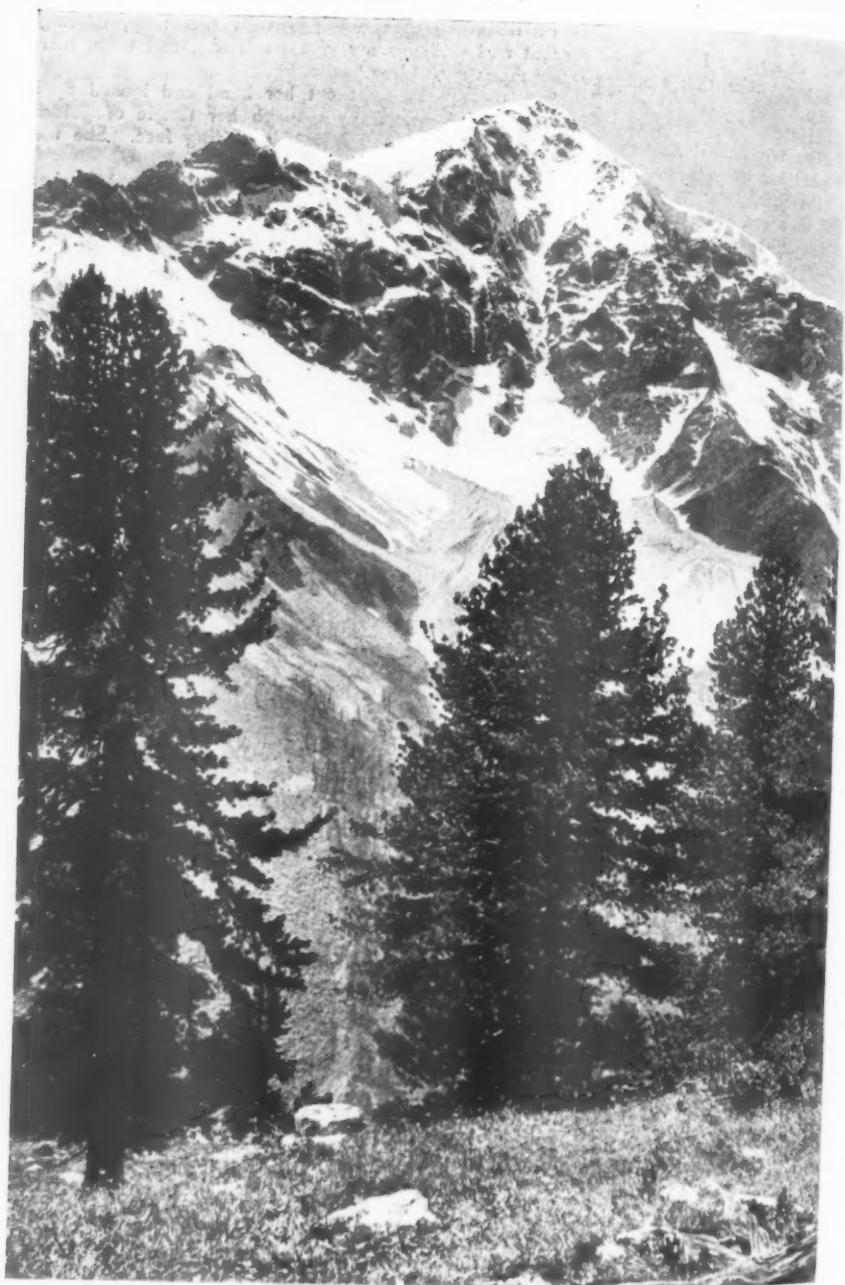


Photo: D. McLeish

AUSTRIA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: THE ORTLER FROM THE ROSIM FOREST

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THE LEADING GUIDES OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

It is said that if the "Pilgrim's Progress" were to be re-written in twentieth-century fashion, the result would be a very different one from that of John Bunyan's. The modern pilgrim would start for the City of Destruction by train, and a tunnel through the Hill Difficulty would be but a sample of the easier mode of progression that he would have to the Celestial City.

Be that as it may, the illustration is true of material journeys, even though its truth applied to spiritual things may be called in question. There are two ways of progressing through this material world, and two ways of seeing the beautiful things in it: the old and the new. This article illustrates both.

Amongst the most glorious of all holidays, it would be very difficult to surpass a few weeks spent in the Austrian Alps. Austrians claim that they have the finest scenery in Europe to offer for the delight of visitors. "I know no country," wrote Sir Humphry Davy, "to be compared in beauty of scenery with these Austrian Highlands. The variety of the scenery, the verdure of the meadows and trees, the depths of the valleys and the altitudes of the mountains, the clearness and

grandeur of the rivers and lakes, give it, I think, a decided superiority over Switzerland."

There are two ways of seeing the wonders of the marvellous Austrian Tyrol. My friend, Mr. Donald McLeish, can speak for the first. He has just returned from a holiday there, and the result is the mountain photographs which accompany this article. He tells me that to get these views it was often necessary to wait for an opportunity day after day, to scale the apparently most inaccessible heights, to cross slippery glaciers, to take innumerable risks, and to endure constant hardship.

He remarked with grim humour that the best views almost always seem to be from some isolated crag very difficult of access, with a very precarious foothold. Still, he wanted to get the view, and so he went.

There is something quickening in surveying the pictures which have been obtained at such cost; we admire the pluck of it—but, after all, there are few among us who can emulate it.

For these, the great majority, there is the other way.



LANDECK, TYROL.

The announcement was made a month or two ago that, commencing this season, observation cars, built, owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, are to be attached to the express trains of the Austrian State-owned railways running through this world-famed region. The announcement, of course, caused great interest. The Swiss Government promptly realised the advantage of the arrangement, and succeeded in inducing the Austrian Government to agree to the cars on the Arlberg route being run to Zurich. This will be an additional convenience for through passengers from London and Paris.

The service from Salzburg to Trieste is over a railway which has only recently been completed by the Austrian Government at great expense, and which traverses some of the wildest and most romantic scenery in Europe. It crosses the Tauern and the Karawanken Alps, passing such beautiful Austrian tourist resorts as Badgastein, Villach and Veldes.

The route leading to the Tyrol passes through a gorgeous panorama, and, tunnelling a spur of mountains crowned by the old Schattensburg, the line comes out into the historic battlefields of Frastanz, in the valley of the Ill, and on to Bludenz, where the steep ascent of Arlberg pass commences.

Through the Kloster valley the road is flanked on either side by wild regions, and it is apparent how enormous have been the engineering difficulties to be overcome.

Past here the grade is 3.14 per cent., and the line climbs over and through a succession of viaducts and tunnels. On the left tower the rugged Allgäuer Alps, and on the right runs a valley in which many little villages are picturesquely situated under the shadow of the Ferwall group. The track hangs at a giddy height over gorges cut by foaming mountain torrents, until at Langen, green with Alpine pastures and musical with a thousand cattle bells, the mighty mass of the Arlberg appears. Here the skill of the railway engineer has successfully pierced the mighty mountain with a tunnel which took three years to build, and cost a million pounds and sixty-three human lives. On the St. Anton side, in twenty minutes' time after leaving the tunnel, the Tyrol bursts into view.

"The village is embosomed in pasture land. The upper region of trees, the most beautiful elevated zone of the Alps, is close at hand, and less than five hundred yards above the railway the perpetual pasture lands stretch away for miles into the valleys crowned by gleaming peaks of snow. St. Anton is a paradise for ski-runners. But farther into the

IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS

heart of the mountain the train bears us. On the right yonder is a glimpse of the giant Riffler; and at pretty little Flirsch we watch the graceful and majestic peak of the Valuga flash for a little into sight. Soon we reach a most impressive sight — the gorge spanned by the single arch of the Trissanna Bridge, springing sheer across for 120 metres. Nearly 200 feet below ours and sparkles a glacial torrent, above us on all sides tower mountains of 6,000 feet and more, and at the bridge-

head rises the ancient Castle Wiesberg."

It is indeed a wonderland which modern enterprise has now opened out to the most

frail of travellers. And the more adventurous can still add the older way to the new when they reach their journey's end. H. D. W.



A CANADIAN PACIFIC OBSERVATION CAR, SUCH AS WILL BE USED IN THE TYROL.



MERAN, AUSTRIAN TYROL.



(P. 6) (P. 6)

PEASANT COSTUME IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.



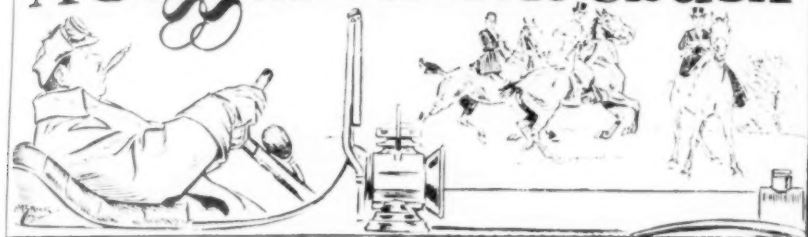
Photo by H. J. Leach

AUSTRIA'S SECOND HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: THE DIFFICULT KÖNIGSKITZE



BRINGING THE WANDERER HOME

A Beggar on Horseback



By MAY WYNNE

THAT ubiquitous fellow Newlands and his motor-car! Rather than both! They had been a constant blot on the scenery in the Midlands, a thorn in my side through every sylvan glade of the New Forest, and lo, as I drove up to the door of the Beachy Hotel, Marchwood, the first thing I saw was Newlands with his great red motor seated in his great red motor, puffing away at an enormous cigar; that was Newlands; he liked things the same size as his opinion of himself. Again I say, bother him! He had, I believe, brought off a big thing on the Stock Exchange some eighteen months previously, and he had suffered from swollen head ever since. The worst of it was he had taken a fancy to go into the sporting life, and ever since, he and his motor, his wags, and his bag, had been the terror of the hunting-field throughout England. Well, I did think he would have let the Devon and Somerset alone; but not a bit of it; he literally "bought the shop," and made many a good fellow contemplate taking a return ticket to town.

"Hold on," was my counsel. "He'll get as quiet as before long, and then we shall have done with him for good and all."

I suppose I looked murderous; anyway, one or two of the chaps looked a bit askance and fell to discussing the best man.

The next day the meet was at Park Lodge, one of the prettiest meets of the year; but, of course, Newlands bowled me all over and quit the snow, although we had told him the wrong time. We were all chatting and laughing, renewing old acquaintances, making new ones, discussing the chances of the ground and congratulating the fair debutante.

At sport when, like some ungaily dragon of old, the red motor plumped into the midst of us, snorting, puffing, and growling. For a few moments confusion reigned; old Sir Marmaduke Carey was thrown, and Miss Fitzgerald's horse nearly made a belt for it besides a general plunging and rearing by which every well-bred and self-respecting blood showed its scorn and loathing of its hideous successor.

"Hello," greeted Newlands affably. "By Jove! I was nearly late, wasn't I?" One would have thought from his tone that we had all been anxiously awaiting him!

Dead silence replied to his greeting, whilst we gathered a little apart glaring at him in speechless contempt; there were one or two titbits from the younger members of the hunt, and who could forbear! The bouncer—what words can paint him—was perched up in his vile machine, dressed in all the glory of pink coat, buckskins, top-boots, and a *bonnet*; the effect, combined with his broad, purple face and big chair, was too hideous to be endured. If we had not been so mad with the brute, we should have laughed in his face.

"Nice little bit of horseflesh you're riding, Mulmyns," he observed tranquilly to me. I gasped; was the fellow mad?

Then I suddenly changed my mind; instead of turning my back on him, I raised my hat to the wondrous dukes I suppose they called themselves in the car, and replied solemnly that it was a nice bit of horseflesh. He beamed upon me and fired another shot; before three minutes were over we were chatting like old acquaintances, with the rest of the field apace at us with wonder.



"Give 'er 'er 'ead; she's a free goer, sir."

The huntsman's horn warned us that play was over and work begun. In a moment all was excitement; the hounds above in Porlock Wood were giving tongue freely, and the road below emptying fast. We had hoped for a clear run to Dunster, but for the first time in my life I scarcely regretted to find that the stag preferred to play hide and seek with us in the woods above the weir.

It was about an hour later that I discovered Newlands, motor-car, and company, stuck half-way up Porlock Hill, Newlands apoplectic with futile rage, a figure fit for *Punch* as he pushed and tugged in vain at his unmanageable machine.

"Hallo," quoth I, and my heart was warm with joy within me, "you're missing all the fun, Newlands, old man; the stag has taken to the woods and nothing'll budge him to-day. You won't see any of the sport stuck here like this; why not let your man take the ladies home, and come with me, I'll give you a mount."

"Oh, I couldn't hear of it, Molyneux," he said hurriedly. "Couldn't trespass on your kindness, don't you know; lots of huntin' myself at home, only took to motor-ing for a change—eh?"

"But a keen sportsman like you wouldn't miss the fun," I cried with raised brows. "Besides, you're a judge of horseflesh yourself, and the mare won't disappoint you; the groom's at the bottom of the hill, I won't hear of a refusal."

From purple, Newlands had gone to a



flabby white, but he dared say no more; his kit gave the show away too completely, for he had not even omitted the spurs; and though he might have stuck to his guns and faced my laughter if he had been alone, he had enough spirit to shrink from disgrace in the presence of his sister and her friend, a young lady of fortune I afterwards learned, whom the amorous Newlands was "running." Still, he tried a last card. "Do you think she's up to my weight?" he asked eyeing the skittish chestnut that Davis had by the bridle, with a look at once critical and anxious. Davis grinned, entering into the spirit of the thing like the old stager he was.

"Bless you, sir," he replied. "Kitty's up to most any weight; chucked 'Arry Brown right over her 'ead only last week, and he weighted at fifteen stun."

"Come, that's consolation enough," I laughed. "You don't happen to be nervous though, do you, Newlands? I didn't think of asking, knowing what a sportsman you are."

"N-no, n-no, of course not," he said with a tremendous effort after nonchalance. "Don't shy, does she?"

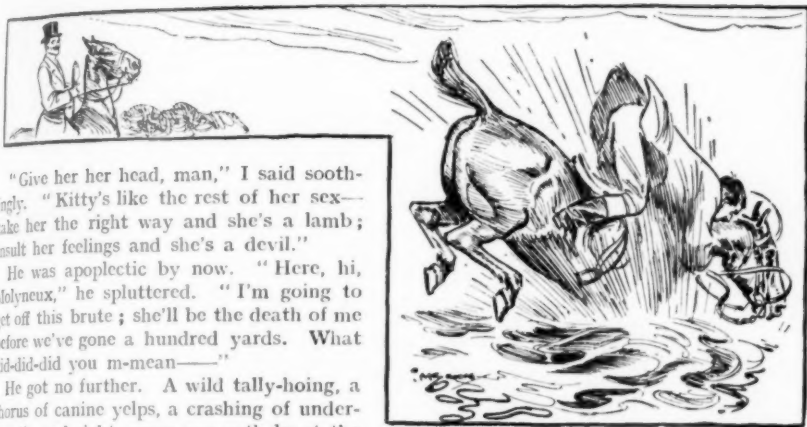
"Only at tree stumps, sir," said the irrepressible Davis. "Give 'er 'er 'ead, sir, give 'er 'er 'ead; she's a free goer, sir. There ain't no fear but what you'll be in at the death."

Newlands gave an involuntary shiver, the last word sounded ominous.

"Good-bye, Franky, good-bye," chorused the fair bereft ones in the stationary motor. "Don't forget to bring me the poor thing's slot or brush, or whatever it's called," gurgled the prospective fiancée. "We shall go and have tea at Porlock, and wait for you there."

"A-all r-right," gasped Newlands; and away we went, the motor-car left at the first hedge, together with the last shreds of Newlands' amour-propre.

"Confound those girls with their cackling," he panted. "They've set the brute off. I—"



"Give her her head, man," I said soothingly. "Kitty's like the rest of her sex—take her the right way and she's a lamb; insult her feelings and she's a devil."

He was apoplectic by now. "Here, hi, Molyneux," he spluttered. "I'm going to get off this brute; she'll be the death of me before we've gone a hundred yards. What did-did-did you m-mean—"

He got no further. A wild tally-hoing, a chorus of canine yelps, a crashing of undergrowth, and right across our path leapt the gallant stag.

"Tally-ho! tally-ho! away she goes!" The exuberant cry rang through the woods, and, at the sound, the chestnut quivered with excitement. Like a thoroughbred hunter, she was keener than mustard over the chase.

"Away she goes!"

It was not only to be said of the flying deer; fresh as a daisy, Kitty was on the heels of the pursued, outdistancing the hunt, outdistancing the hounds, far outdistancing her proper owner. Talk of John Gilpin! His ride to Ware was but a mild morning canter compared to the flight of Frankie Newlands. They talk of it still in the West Country as the best bit of sport of the season. Laugh! Even the grey-haired old Master nearly cracked his sides, whilst a simultaneous roar went up from the rest of the field. Well, he owed us something for the discomfort of the last fortnight, and, by George! he paid it that day. With both arms round Kitty's neck, he clung to her back like grim death, terrifying the poor animal by emitting the most heartrending yells into her ears. Crashing through undergrowth, scrambling up banks—as only a West Country horse can—away they went, the glory of buckskins and pink coat departed for ever.

Cursing, pleading, shrieking, Newlands still clung to his place, whilst the hunt, howling with unrestrained merriment, brought up the rear, to the amazement and chagrin of the hounds, and the horror and bewilderment of the stag.

Well, the end came at last, as such days generally do, by the stag taking to the water

"She had taken a flying leap into the waves before the astounded men on the quay could stop her."

by Porlock Weir. What possessed Kitty, I don't know; I think she was too distracted by her rider's yells for sober reflection; but, anyway, she had taken a flying leap into the waves before the astounded men on the quay could stop her.

Poor Newlands! I admit we were brutal, in spite of extenuating circumstances—but the provocation was tremendous. Be that as it may, there is no denying that we were doubled and convulsed with laughter, from oldest to youngest, when a limp, bedraggled Newlands was hauled on to terra firma and taken off summarily to the inn, where his sister and the young lady of fortune greeted him with, I fear, all the candid sarcasm with which some women are prone to treat those who have made fools of themselves in public.

As for myself, I received the congratulations of the field, and went home satisfied that the lesson had been sufficient.

Nor was I disappointed. Next morning I was awakened early by the snorting of a motor-car beneath my window, and, tumbling out of bed, I saw for the last time the obnoxious red motor with its obnoxious owner—a little less red and blatant than usual—both on the verge of departure.

Since then the hunting-field has seen no more of Mr. Francis Newlands, millionaire and braggart. I heard a rumour that he had taken to Bridge and was popular with his opponents. It is more than likely.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

A WEEK'S MEALS IN AUGUST

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

Sunday

Dinner.—Veal fritters and rolled bacon, boiled potatoes, French beans. Malvern pudding, custard.
Supper.—Picnic pie. Ground rice mould, stewed fruit.

Monday

Dinner.—Scrag of mutton boiled with rice. Remains of yesterday's sweets.
Supper.—Macaroni and lentil cutlets, spinach. Economical trifle.

Tuesday

Dinner.—Roast sour mutton, potatoes and greens. Junket.
Supper.—Cold mutton, salad. Cheese savoury.

Wednesday

Dinner.—Mutton tart. Chocolate rice.
Supper.—Kromesnies, baked tomatoes. Stanley pudding.

Thursday

Dinner.—Baked rabbit, potatoes. Fried slices of pudding.
Supper.—Cold omelette. Black-cap pudding.

Friday

Dinner.—Boiled haddock, egg sauce, mashed potatoes. Baked black currant pudding.
Supper.—Savoury fish and rice. Italian fritters.

Saturday

Dinner.—Baked steak with haricot beans, jam tarts.
Supper.—Grilled salmon, cucumber. Fruit salad.

Holidays are now in full swing, and many of my readers will be away from home enjoying a well-earned rest, and, I trust, laying up a store of vitality and good health which will help them to withstand the trying winter of our variable English climate.

In this month's "Week's Meals" I have taken into consideration the difficulties of catering when one is "in rooms," and some of the suggested dishes can, with the aid of the most simple cooking outfit, be prepared in a few minutes and in a sitting-room. The average landlady does not, as a rule, rise to great heights of culinary skill, especially as regards puddings.

Baked rice and stewed fruit, even when attacked with a holiday appetite, are apt to pall when presented with unrelieved monotony.

From personal experience I recommend all sojourners from home to provide themselves with a small oil or spirit stove, a medium-sized saucepan and a frying-pan. There are several oil stoves which are invaluable for a variety of purposes, such as boiling water and milk, heating irons, etc.

Aluminium saucepans are very light to carry, but strong, and easily cleaned; and with this meagre array of utensils a surprising number of dishes can be quickly and easily prepared.

For instance, seaside landladies prefer that their boarders should partake of the principal meal in the middle of the day, and do not favour the idea of a hot supper. With a small stove (and the modern makes are perfectly odourless if ordinary care is used) an

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aluminium frying-pan, a little butter, bovril, or other gravy producing medium, all kinds of dainty additions to the meal can be contrived. As a principal ingredient eggs offer almost unlimited scope. Slices of cold meat can be "devilled" or warmed in well-flavoured gravy. Shrimps and other shell-fish are delicious when "tossed" in butter, and men-folk seldom tire of sardines, heated in a few drops of the oil from the tin, and sprinkled with lemon juice and cayenne pepper.

On wet evenings quite an amount of merriment can be obtained by evolving new and tasty concoctions from the materials which happen to be at hand.

This form of table cookery is, after all, only a homely adaptation of the famous American chafing-dish system, and I advise those of my readers who are sufficiently interested to invest in a small book of chafing-dish recipes.

Of the sweets mentioned in this article the following are suitable for sitting-room preparation:—Malvern pudding, ground rice mould, junket, economical trifle, and fruit salad, to which list may be added jellies, fritters, omelettes and pancakes, and, of course, any kind of fruit *compote*.

Veal Fritters

Lay the cutlet of veal on a chopping-board, and remove the bone and skin with a very sharp knife. Divide the meat into neat pieces not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Put 6 oz. of flour into a basin, and mix it to a batter with a tumblerful of cold water, then add a very little grated nutmeg and a pinch of salt. The batter must be quite smooth; if there are any lumps pass it through a strainer.

Put the veal into the batter for ten minutes before it is cooked.

Take as many rashers of bacon as are required, roll them, pass a skewer through the centre of each, lay them in a baking-tin and cook in a warm oven for ten to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the bacon.

Half fill a frying-pan with dripping, and when it boils drop the pieces of veal in and fry until they are golden brown. Six to eight minutes should suffice. Drain well, and arrange on a hot dish; garnish with rolls of bacon and thin slices of lemon.

The gravy, which is served separately, is made as follows:—Pour all the fat from the

frying-pan, leaving only the brown sediment. Put 1 dessertspoonful of flour into a basin and mix it with a little cold water, then pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling water over, stirring all the time. Put this into the frying-pan, stir well, and when the gravy thickens add a few drops of mushroom ketchup or other sauce. Strain and pour into the tureen.

Malvern Pudding

Line a fluted basin with slices of bread (stale Madeira or sponge cakes make the pudding quite superior). Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fruit (this quantity fills a quart basin) with sufficient sugar until the juice is slightly thick, then pour the boiling *compote* into the basin. Cover with bread, or cake. The basin should be stood in a soup-plate in order that any juice which escapes may not be wasted. Place a saucer in the basin and stand a weight on it. This forces the juice into the bread and ensures the latter being completely and thoroughly saturated. Stand in a cool place until required, then turn into a glass dish. This pudding should always be made the day before it is to be eaten.

Picnic Pie

Pass $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cooked ham, and the same quantity of veal, through a mincing machine, flavour with a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of sweet herbs, a little grated lemon peel, pepper and salt. Add two well-beaten eggs, and if the mixture seems too dry add a little gravy or stock. Line a shallow open tart dish with short pastry, and spread with the mince, heaping it well in the centre. Cover with paste. Any spare pieces can be used for ornamentation. Brush with yolk of egg, and bake in a warm oven for half to three-quarters of an hour.

Ground Rice Mould

Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk into a saucepan with 3 oz. of white sugar, and any approved flavouring. Mix 4 oz. of ground rice with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cold milk. When the flavoured milk boils stir the rice into it and let all boil together until the mixture leaves the side of the saucepan quite cleanly. Pour into a well-soaked mould and stand in a cool place until required. (If placed in a basin of cold water on a shady window-sill and covered with butter muslin, this mould will be ready for consumption in an hour's time.)

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Scrag of Mutton Stewed with Rice

Divide the scrag into neat joints, and lay them in a stewpan with alternate layers of sliced onion. Cover with water and place the pan on the fire. When the contents boil skim well. An hour before serving drop in gradually 6 oz. of well-washed Patna rice and simmer gently. The rice should absorb almost all the stock.

Macaroni and Lentil Cutlets

This is an excellent vegetarian dish. Drop 6 oz. of broken Naples macaroni into a stewpan filled with boiling salted water; boil quickly until tender, then strain and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths. Whilst the macaroni is cooking boil 1 lb. of lentils with a chopped onion until both are soft. Mash them through a sieve with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and, if liked, some sweet herbs. Mix with a well-beaten egg, place in a saucepan and stir over the fire until a firm paste is formed. Add the macaroni to this, shape into cutlets, dredge with flour, roll in egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Serve on a dish of moulded spinach.

Economical Trifle

This is made with sponge cake or stale Savoy fingers, split open and spread with jam, soaked in a little milk and covered with custard. Blanched almonds cut into strips may be stuck into the cake.

Roast Sour Mutton

This dish is not suggested for the delectation of holiday makers, for it entails a certain amount of preparation which can only be satisfactorily accomplished under personal supervision, and in one's own kitchen. The recipe hails from Germany, and I can heartily recommend it to those of my readers to whom it is as yet unknown.

Choose a plump freshly killed leg of mutton, ten days before it is required for cooking. Make a pickle with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water, one onion stuck with six cloves, two bay leaves and some peppercorns. Pour the mixture into a china dish, lay the mutton in it, and rub and turn the meat every day. When it is to be cooked drain and wipe the joint with a clean cloth, then proceed to bake it in the oven as if it were just an ordinary joint. Half an hour

before it is done pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the pickling liquor into the baking-tin, and as soon as this becomes hot baste the meat frequently. The gravy for this joint should be rather thicker than is usual for roast meat.

Fried Cheese Savoury

Boil 1 pint of milk, 1 pint of water, and a little salt together. When boiling sprinkle in 2 oz. of Indian meal and stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Simmer for one hour, stirring constantly, then add 1 oz. of clarified dripping, a level teaspoonful of made mustard, and 3 oz. of grated cheese. Turn on to a plate, and let it get cold. Cut into thin slices and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, arrange neatly on a hot dish, and garnish with parsley or watercress.

Stanley Pudding

Chop $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. suet very finely, and mix it with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, a piled teaspoonful of baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of currants, the same quantity of stoned raisins, 4 oz. of brown sugar, a little nutmeg, and a pinch of salt. Moisten with 4 tablespoonfuls of milk. Place in a well-greased cake tin and bake until brown. Turn on to a hot dish, and dust well with fine sugar.

Italian Fritters

Peel, boil, and drain three large mealy potatoes, then mash them through a sieve. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a little milk and add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat up an egg, add it to the milk, and mix with the potatoes, adding a little grated nutmeg and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of grated lemon or orange peel. Form into small flat cakes and fry in boiling fat. As soon as each cake is cooked roll it in castor sugar. A teaspoonful of jam or jelly may be placed on the top of each cake before serving.

Baked Steak and Haricot Beans

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of beans overnight, wash them in several waters, drain well, and put them in a deep pie-dish. Pour over 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water, add 1 tablespoonful of salt, cover, and stand the dish in the oven. When the water boils add 2 lb. of steak cut into pieces, four sliced onions, and dust with pepper. Replace the cover and cook slowly for at least two hours. Half an hour before serving put a thick layer of sliced tomatoes over the meat.

The Women's Work Bureau

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau has been started with the object of helping all girls and women who may need advice as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, who wish to be trained for a definite calling, want assistance in some difficulty, or who desire information on any point connected with women's work.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. All communications must be addressed to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

NURSES TO CHILDREN

It is not often that any profession can be absolutely recommended as being one in which employment is practically certain, one in which the demand for workers exceeds the supply, and in which the work may fairly be termed both healthy and congenial; yet all this applies to the occupation of a nurse to children, and, to the woman who really loves the bairns and who has patience, tact, and sympathy, it is work to be cordially commended.

As the nurse may be said to have entire charge of the child up to eight or nine years of age, it will be seen that this work demands a good many qualities and a fair amount of knowledge on the nurse's part. Here, for instance, is a summary of an expert on the subject of what may be required: "Dressmaking and sewing; washing; special knowledge of the entire management of infants under three years of age; the care of the feeble-minded; power of adaptability under exceptional and unexpected circumstances; a knowledge of foreign languages, combined with ability to pack for travelling; an interest in the mental, moral, and physical care of childhood, and a knowledge of and delight in character building and the general education of both boys and girls up to nine or ten years of age."

When prepared and equipped to meet such possibilities as the above, a nurse's life does, as a rule, flow on in an even groove, taking into consideration the average child's mercurial temperament.

I have personally inspected two big training colleges for children's nurses, and in both I was struck by the evident interest and pleasure of the students in their work, by the look of health on the babies' faces,

and by the nice homely atmosphere that permeated everything. In fact, in one training college, on viewing two rosy cherubs asleep in their cots in an airy, darkened room at midday, I could not help querying as to the wisdom of taking even infants from poor homes—as was done in this particular case—and then at three or twelve months, as it might be, sending them back to the overcrowded cottage and the care of an overworked mother with a numerous family. I was assured that the babies were too young to notice the difference, and I can only hope it was true.

Points of Recommendation

One of the greatest benefits of this work is that it can be taken up when quite young, and yet the wage-earning period is practically longer than that in any other occupation open to women. The salaries are good—from £20 to £100, with everything found, and practically no expenses save purely personal ones. It is something in these days of keen competition to be sure of good food and a good home; and the nurse, moreover, is very much "monarch of all she surveys," and is, consequently, in a stronger and more independent position than the average wage earner. This work appeals also to the mother instinct that is so strong in nearly all women, and it is probably those who realise its responsibilities most who also realise its blessings most keenly.

Where to Train

There are training colleges in many places nowadays, and while I will give the addresses and brief particulars of those in different districts, I think it would be as well if any-

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one who contemplates this work would write to the place she most fancies, or which is most accessible, and make full inquiries :— The Norland Institute, 10 Pembroke Square, London, W.; Princess Christian College, 19 Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester—the course in these consists of two terms, one of seventeen and one of fifteen weeks. Liverpool Nursery Training College, Beaumont Street—course lasts for six months, and terms begin January and July; fee, £35; practical training, with children in residence. St. Christopher's, Tunbridge Wells—one year of three terms; fee, £64 inclusive; babies from a week and children up to seven years in residence. St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Nursery College, Hampstead, N.W.—six months' course; fee, £36 inclusive; children in residence from birth up to seven years. All Saints' Nursery College, Harrogate—30s. a week for six months or longer. The Hoylelake Day Nursery and Training Home (President, Mrs. Rankine, Redcroft, Hoylelake, Cheshire)—£12 12s. for six months. The Nursery Training College, Bradgate Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire—fee, £30 for nine months. St. Anne's Church of England Nursery College, Pitville Circus, Cheltenham, etc. The Women's Industrial Council has founded a Nursery Training School at 4 King Edward Road, Hackney, N.E., where fourteen students are received for a fee of £26 per annum; in addition to other aims this fits students to be nursery assistants under various public bodies; Hon. Sec., Miss E. M. Zimmern, 7 John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

It will be seen that the period of training varies in different institutions, and some of these find posts for students and others

do not. It would be well to make full inquiries when writing.

Finally, I do not think I can do better than quote an account of St. Mary's Nursery College, Belsize Lane, N.W., which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, as the routine here described is common to all these training colleges in general. It will give a tyro a good idea of an average day's work :—

"The whole business of the house is carried on by the students, who take alternate months in the nursery with a trained nurse, and in the house with a domestic economy teacher. When in the nursery they have charge of a baby, night and day. Before breakfast, they prepare bath water and bath the babies. Afterwards they make the baby's food and wash bottles, saucers, pans, and baby clothes. The nurseries are tidied, and perambulators are ready at 9.30 for the morning walk—and this is the most essential part of the day's work. At twelve o'clock, on their return, the babies are given bottles or spoon food, and retire into private life till two o'clock. These students are off duty in the afternoon, and return to the nursery after tea for the children's hour—a time for playing with them and putting to bed. Then each little cot is carried up into the night nursery, and the night food is prepared, the day nurseries swept and dusted, and the fires relaid. The students on house duty make their beds and sweep and dust the rooms before breakfast, and after have their classes in cookery, laundry, drafting patterns, cutting out and making children's clothes. In the afternoon these students take the babies for a walk, and have their free time from five to seven."



Result of Quotations Competition

A Feast of Compressed Wisdom

By THE EDITOR

WHEN, a year ago, the last of the crates labelled "Toys, With Care" had departed from *La Belle Sauvage*, we heaved a sigh of relief, and made the mental resolve never to have another Toy Competition! Perhaps it was the recollection of that vow which influenced the selection of the Quotations Competition this year, but now the chief feeling among the staff is—have dolls, railway trucks, albums, motor-cars or postage stamps, but avoid quotations like the plague!

From this readers will judge that the Quotations Competition has been successful! Indeed, for three months, it seems scarcely a day passed without some contribution to the Competition, and the result is now office shelves and cupboards stacked high with all sizes and shapes of collections. I estimate that some two thousand were received; one day we are going to count and see, but at present we rest from our labours and are thankful.

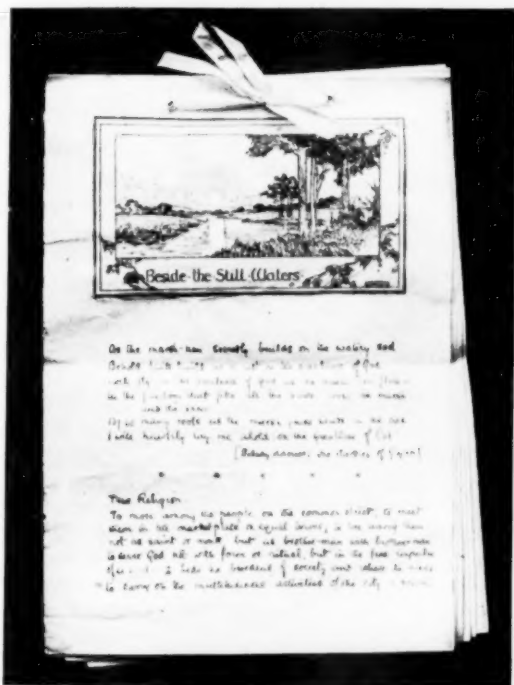
The entries were of all sorts and conditions: we had one that the competitor had thoughtfully gummed together in one long strip, and it hangs on the office wall as I write—its head among the pictures, about eight feet high, its tail gracefully sweeping the floor, blown slowly to and fro every time the door opens!

Another competitor put a thread through the middle of each of his extracts, and so fixed them all together on the "meat skewer" principle. We opened one envelope with the usual feeling of expectancy, only to find that the contents consisted entirely of blank paper! Some absent-minded professor must have had something to do with this, and I seem to scent a tragedy in the background!

Let me say at once that I have been gratified with the general level of the entries. At the outset of our examination each entry was carefully scrutinised, and the letters "P.," "F.," "F.G.," "G.," and "V.G." affixed to the various classes. I am glad to say that very few indeed had to be labelled "Poor." The greatest number received "Fair," whilst there were sufficient of the other classes to make the adjudication a matter of great difficulty. Bishop Boyd Carpenter, the adjudicator, finally adopted a system of awarding marks for the "Good" and "Very Good."

The First Prize

Each one of these classes was very carefully considered, due attention being given to originality, unity of purpose, and



MISS LYNE'S PAPER, WHICH WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.

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helpfulness. Many very carefully selected and helpful papers fell behind in the final result through lack of unity of purpose. It may not have been realised by some competitors that this coherence was desired. After critical comparison based on these conditions, the Bishop awards the FIRST PRIZE to:—

MISS MAUD MARY LYNE,
46 Covingham Road,
Golder's Green,
London, N.W.

Accordingly, Miss Lyne has received an order to purchase £10 worth of goods from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. Her paper appears in this issue.

Miss Lyne, it will be seen, has culled her collection from many sources: Henry Drummond, Mark Guy Pearse, and George Eliot represent the more familiar names, but, in addition, she has quoted from a speech by Canon Cunningham at Liverpool, in January, 1912, "A Message from the Edinburgh Missionary Conference." The Report of the Student Volunteer Missionary Conference, 1912, Dr. Horton's new and admirable life of Christ for children, "The Hero of Heroes," etc.

Second Prize

The Second Prize, "Encyclopædic Dictionary," is awarded to:—

MISS E. O. WALFORD,
L'ayer de la Haye,
Colchester,

for a selection on "The Daily Duty, Faith and Charity."

Miss Walford has roamed afield for her selections, from Thomas à Kempis to Henry van Dyke and Curtis Yorke.

Third Prizes

It will be remembered that the next six in order of merit were each to receive a "Caffeta" Coffee Maker.

For these prizes, the Bishop has selected:—

Miss Alice George, "Hollywood," Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts.
Mrs. A. Govan, Dunvegan, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.
Miss R. S. Griffin, Lewiston House, Brimscombe, Stroud, Glos.

Miss Hilda C. Gregg, Kirkley, Eastbourne.
Rev. Robert Rainey, 6 Oxmantown Mall, Birr, Ireland.
Miss M. H. Stannard, 23 Hammelton Road, Bromley, Kent.

Book Prizes

The twelve Book Prizes are awarded to the following:—

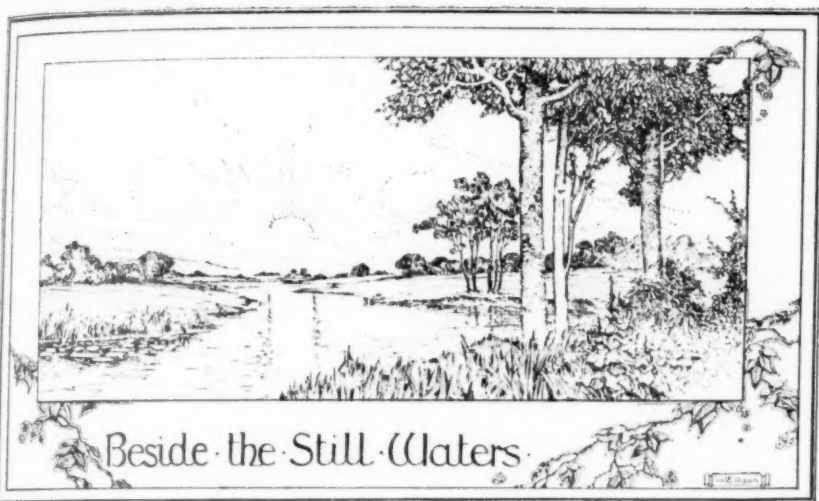
Miss W. E. Coombes, 16 Dean Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
Mr. Frederick Cowles, Winterdyne, Sutton Road, Kiddernminster.
Miss J. Cromar, Maud, Aberdeenshire.
Miss A. M. Fraser, Garfield, Bothwell, Lanarkshire.
Mrs. F. Evelyn Howell, 112 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.
Mr. Robert Lewis, 37 Westbourne Grove, West Kirby, Birkenhead.
Mrs. H. Marshall, Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester.
Miss Petrie, Lower Laith, Todmorden, Yorks.
Miss Winifred A. Prichard, 5 Gauden Road, Clapham, London, S.W.
Mr. G. M. Storrar, Prospect Hill, Whitby.
Miss Marion G. Taylor, Saxon-Barns, Grange Road, Cambridge.
Mrs. Herbert Turner, South Leigh, Hampton Street, North Brighton, Victoria, Australia.

Highly Commended

In addition to the Prize Winners, the following are Highly Commended:—

Miss L. Achurch (St. Neots), Miss Alma Allan (Dalbeattie), Mr. Alexander Angus (Edinburgh), Mrs. Agnes E. Ball (Gravesend), Miss Flora E. Berry (Swanage), Mr. B. Binding (Bury St. Edmunds), Miss M. Bisp (Uley), Mrs. Boyd (Bray), Mr. Harold Butterworth (Rochdale), Miss Alice M. Chestnut (Ballymena), Miss Sarah Crossley (Bradford), Miss Dora Dewhurst (Stockton-on-Tees), Miss Elizabeth Fisher (Manitoba, Canada), Miss Margaret G. Galley (Buckhurst Hill), Miss L. Grannum (Barbados), Miss Nellie Grenfell (East London, South Africa), Rev. W. J. Harris (Hitchin), Mrs. Heath (Pamton), Miss Marjorie E. Hill (Burton-on-Trent), Miss Nellie Houston (Perth), Mr. Fred Hopkins (Birmingham), Miss Ernestine Hunter (Hull), Mrs. Emily Johns (Stockwell), Mrs. C. Lavender (Walsall), Rev. J. Learmount (Chalford), Miss Elizabeth Leete (Liverpool), Miss E. Lewis (Mansfield), Miss Line (Davenport), Miss Mary Marriott (Stockport), Mr. Robert B. Milner (Aberdeen), Miss Margaret A. Needham (Buckhurst Hill), Miss A. E. Pinnington (Steeple Bumpstead), Mrs. J. L. du Preez (Transvaal), Miss Jessie Quinton (West Dulwich), Miss Irene F. Reader (Yalding), Miss Winifred Scarth (Bradford-on-Avon), Mrs. C. W. Simpson (Glasgow), Miss E. E. Smith (Bournemouth), Miss Agnes Stanke (Nottingham), Miss G. Stephenson (Longboro' Park), Miss Florence A. Stone (Kilkenny), Miss Madeline Latt (Upper Norwood), Miss Kate Thompson (Belst), Mr. W. Leonard (Bristol), Miss Annie L. Watts (Cleveland), Miss G. W. Wilkinson (Bolton), Miss D. Eileen Wood (Taunton), Miss Helen E. Wood (Keynsham), Miss Florie Woodward (Durham), Miss M. B. Wrey (Torquay).





Beside the Still Waters

*AS the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.*

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies—

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod

I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God.

SIDNEY LANIER.

True Religion

TO move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market-place on equal terms; to live among them not as saint or monk, but as brother-man with brother-man; to serve God not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society, and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political, philanthropic—in Christ's spirit and for His ends: this is the religion of the Son of Man, and the only meetness for heaven which has much reality in it.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

He shall Reign

AN Englishman in India was watching, not long ago, the great ceremonial in a Hindu temple. When it was over, he said to the priest: "How long has this worship been going on?" "Two thousand five

hundred years," was the reply. "And I suppose," said the Englishman, "it will go on for another two thousand five hundred years?" The priest said: "No!" "And why?" asked the Englishman. Then the priest raised his eyes and spread out his hands, and said one word: "Jesus."—DR HORTON.

Enthusiasm and Character

WE often feel it impossible to be enthusiastic about the dull routine, the drudgery as we call it, which forms so large a part of every human life, from scullion to king. But it has been acutely observed that the less we recognise the importance of things which constantly occur in our life, the more important they very likely are. The single fact that habits depend not on the greater events in life, but on the small, at once invests them with new dignity. It is good, therefore, to aim at the important excellence which consists in doing unheroic things heroically.—W. LEIGHTON CRANE.

Almighty Condescension

THERE is no more strangely mysterious picture than that in which Holman Hunt portrays "The Light of the World," Almighty as we know Him to be, standing at the door of the human heart to seek admission. Yet we recognise its truth. It teaches plainly that we can help as well as hinder Him in His desire for us. That door is the symbol not only of a human heart, but of every plan which He is seeking to further,

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for which He seeks our co-operation. He looks to us to aid Him against the forces of human wills opposing Him, against all the dark wills of principalities and powers which are ever pressing back the resistless tide of the Divine Counsels. He waits for our help and—amazing condescension—He asks for our prayers.—DR. WALPOLE.



Abiding in Christ

ABIDE in Him. How? By the use of opportunities of intercourse with Him, by using the sacraments not only of the Gospel, but of daily life, the smiles of little children, the beauties of field, and sky, and sea, all things pure and lovely, letting them speak to you of Him. And if God has touched your avenues of sense, and made you dull of hearing or dim of sight, then have you the greater advantage of being able to commune in the silences of the day and in the silences of the night. That intercourse with the indwelling Christ will grow into companionship and friendship.—CAXON CUNNINGHAM.



*IF Jesus Christ be a man
And only man, I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him
And to Him will I cleave away.
If Jesus Christ be God,
And the only God, I swear
That I'll follow Him through hell or heaven,
The earth, the sea, or the air.*

*[Quoted in the Report of the Student
Volunteer Missionary Conference,
1912.]*



The Sin of Worry

WE have no conscience on the matter of worry; we do not think of it as wrong; we never confess it even as a failing, much less ask forgiveness of it as a sin. If the preacher were to say: "Do not steal," or "Do not kill," we accept the word at once as of Divine authority. But if the preacher should say: "Do not worry," there springs up instantly a sense of resentment . . . as if the authority were that of the preacher only, and not of the Master Himself. But mark from whom this word comes: "I say unto you"—with Him this matter must be settled, the Lord and Judge of all men.—MARK GUY PEARSE.



The Redemption of Character

IT is Jesus Christ who gives power over evil habit. . . . People like us have been saved by Him; saved not in a vague

or unverifiable sense, but saved from contempt, saved from despair, saved into freedom to stop sinning, saved into the successful pursuit of goodness and likeness to the Father. . . . Men who have lost faith in aspiration, whose friends have given them up in sheer disgust or in sad weariness, encounter something or someone that persuades them to commit their lives to Jesus Christ; with what effect? With this effect, that instantly or by degrees new life is imparted to them, new tastes, hopes, preferences, inclinations, motives, delights; until not in boasting, but for sheer thankfulness they dare to say: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—DR. MACKINTOSH.



TO me it seems that a year could not bring anyone a more substantial good than the certitude of having helped another to bear some heavy burden, of having lessened pain and given the sweetness of fellowship in sorrow. That is just the one good which seems the more worth having the more our own life is compassed with shadows.—GEORGE ELIOT.



A New Age

GOD is demanding of us all a new order of life, of a more arduous and self-sacrificing nature than the old. And if, as we believe, the way of duty is the way of revelation, there is certainly implied in this imperative call of duty a latent assurance that God is greater, more loving, nearer and more available for our help and comfort than any man has dreamed. We are called to make new discoveries of the grace and power of God for ourselves, for the Church, and for the world; and in the strength of that firmer and bolder faith in Him, to face the new age and the new task with a new conviction.—[A message from the Edinburgh Missionary Conference.]



Gold-Dust

TO find the Great Companion and the work He gives; this is the sum of all.—HENRY CHURCHILL KING.

Only they who walk with fear can walk with courage too.—VIDA SCUDDER.

When you believe in God, things happen.—MARTYN TRAFFORD.

I will set my face to the wind and will throw my handful of seed on high.—ASOX.

More important than vision is obedience to it.—RUFUS JONES.

(The above selection receives First Prize in our Quotations Competition. See p. 979.)

A Matter of Diplomacy

By E. M. SMITH

Author of "The Thorny Path," "Mrs. Burton's Lovey," etc.

"Is that Robert who has just driven by, Mary Ann?"

"Yes, gran; he has been to the station for Mr. Flick's box." The young woman, standing in the open doorway of the cottage, had not turned her head as she answered the old lady crouching by the fireside.

"My!" was ejaculated with a scornful snort. "Robert—he must be putting by a pile—what with his work and his carrying, and no expense, either, to speak of." There was a shrewd look of comprehension in the keen old eyes as Mrs. Kemp watched her granddaughter's motionless back, but Mary Ann returned no answer.

"Mary Ann," the shrill old voice again piped, "you seem to me to be a bit dull and out of sorts. But I think I know what you want to cure you—it's a holiday."

"A holiday, gran! Whoever heard of me wanting a holiday? And even if I did want one, what would you do without me?" the young woman exclaimed in an amused voice, as she turned and, entering the kitchen, busied herself with preparations for their tea. The old lady, sitting in her elbow chair beside the fire, did not then enlarge upon the subject of a holiday, and was silent and thoughtful throughout their meal; indeed, only once did she speak, and then it had been abruptly to demand whether Robert was coming in to his tea.

"Yes, gran, he is coming in. I have put his kettle on ready, over a bit of fire, so it will be boiling by the time he gets in," Mary Ann had answered.

"Ho, ho!" The wrinkles on the old

face creased up with laughter, while the sharp old eyes twinkled. "Robert—he is downright particular—likes to be tidy and comfortable and to have his things done to a turn, that he does," she chuckled.

Mary Ann put her cup down and looked at her grandmother with a feeling of vague uneasiness, for her manner was both strange and unusual. But Mrs. Kemp gave no explanation of the cause of her amusement, and said nothing further until her granddaughter had tidied up and had settled down, with some work in her hands, on the opposite side of the fireplace. "Is them Robert's things you are mending?" she then had abruptly demanded



"A holiday, gran! Whoever heard of me wanting a holiday?"

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"Yes, gran."

"I thought so—I thought they'd sure to be. Now, my gal, I am going to tell you about what I have been thinking. I said to you before that you wanted a holiday; and I say it again now—a downright good holiday right away from here. You hold your tongue for a minute, and I will tell you why."

"You keep Robert's place clean and tidy; you cook and you wash and mend for him—all for a mere trifle. And it is always done while he is out, so that he can never get to know what a work it is to keep things tidy and comfortable. Then, when he comes in and finds everything as he likes, he thinks how well he manages and does for himself—what need is there for him to have a wife? You make Robert *too* comfortable, that's the fact. If you go away and leave him to shift for himself for a bit he will soon find out the difference, and will ask you sharp enough then—you mark my word—to be his wife. He won't want you to go away again, leaving him to shift for himself, and all the time he be getting no proper victuals nor any comfort, to speak of."

"But, gran, there's you. And—and after all, I don't know that I want things to be different."

"Tut, tut, gal. Why, how long is it since you and he first walked out together?"

"It's eight years, gran," the young woman answered, as with head bent low she stitched, with flying needle, her agitation into her work. "But he had to make a home for his mother as long as she lived," she added.

"Ye," the old lady retorted; "there was his mother then, and you had your father and me to do for. But his mother and your poor father, too, is gone. Now what does Robert say? That he has to make an allowance for that ailing sister of his, while you have me to keep, and so he can't afford to think of anything different. As though it takes much to keep an old body like me! It's little I want but a dish of tea and a warm corner—and he with a most beautiful corner by his fireside that has never a draught coming near it." And the old creature, as she spoke, covered and shivered in her corner as though to contrast it with that more desirable one where she would fain be. But she pulled herself together again and continued, with a sprightly air—

"It's been on my mind for a long while, Mary Ann, that as long as you keep things tidy and comfortable, for a trifle, Robert don't want to make any change. He must be brought to the point, my dear, that he must—and *we'll* do it! My nephew William always is asking you to visit them, and now you shall write and say that you'll be pleased to come, and while you are away I will have his little gal to do for me. Sakes! won't Robert be put out, and won't he just be glad to see you home again!"

Mary Ann's work had dropped into her lap as she sat silently staring into the little crackling fire. She saw so much in it; herself, a young girl, coming home from service to keep house for the widowed father and the old grandmother. The father now was dead; but Mary Ann—no weakling to sit down under trouble—had kept the home together. She had washed and mended for and nursed the whole village; at the same time "doing for" that graceless bachelor, Robert Fuller, whose cottage was next door to their own. So not only had the wolf been kept from the door, but a comfortable, peaceful home had been maintained. Grannie's one shadow, all the time, being that her heart was filled with envy for that better fireside next door; for the larger, better-stocked garden; for, in fact, everything that was Robert's.

And Robert himself was so eminently desirable. A painter and decorator by trade, he had always as much work as he could do; at the same time he was the carrier, and as the station was distant three miles, and his tax-cart the only vehicle for hire in the village, he was, of necessity, indispensable. And he was so steady, so careful—cautious, with that cautiousness which had made him walk out with Tom Kemp's Mary Ann, but which had restrained his courtship from proceeding any farther. Strong, patient Mary Ann accepted the conditions of her life, and, while she worked, tacitly waited for that time when Robert should feel the impediments to their marriage were removed. But at the same time it was common talk that not much of Robert's money went to make a home for the ailing Amelia with Bessie, the married sister.

"Marnin' to you, Mrs. Kemp. I'm off to the station now, and then am going on to

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Willows to do some paper-hanging. I thought to find Mary Ann in—I want her to make this piece of meat into a pudding for me, ready for when I get in at seven."

Old grannie smoothed her gingham apron with wrinkled hands, as she cheerfully looked at the fine, bearded man standing in her doorway. "Good morning, Mr. Fuller," she answered. "There is only me at home—me and my nephew William's little gal. But come in, do; I would like you to see her."

"Nell and me have never been late at the station yet, Mrs. Kemp, and I don't think we'll risk it now, by comin' in," the man said, making a backward movement of his head to indicate the waiting horse. "But if you will ask Mary Ann——"

"Mary Ann, Mr. Fuller, has gone away," the old lady interrupted. "Gone to her cousins', in London, for a holiday."

The man, station or no station, came a step into the cottage. "A holiday, Mrs. Kemp? Whatever has made her go for a holiday?" he exclaimed.

And grannie (it was exactly the opportunity she desired) gave all particulars.

"How did she get her box to the station?" the man suspiciously asked at the close of the recital.

"Oh, Mr. Jones took it—and Mary Ann, too. He had to fetch his missus from Hartley's this morning, and he told Mary Ann he would be honoured to take her and her box on his way there. My! he do admire my Mary Ann."

Robert Fuller was decidedly put out, and, with only a curt nod, turned to go; but



"A holiday, Mrs. Kemp? Whatever has made her go for a holiday?" he exclaimed.

not quickly enough to prevent the sound of the malicious old voice shrilling in his ears, as Mrs. Kemp reminded him how very nicely he could do for himself. "Or, if he did not like doing that, maybe he would send for Amelia to come and look after him while Mary Ann was away," she cried.

The old lady, when left alone, chuckled with her satisfaction until she coughed. Robert, she felt convinced, would never leave his ailing, soured sister home; neither would he put up with any other woman prying into and using his things. He would just have the opportunity, by absence, of learning the value of Mary Ann.

Three days passed before Mrs. Kemp again

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saw Robert. He then had looked in, and with forced ease and cheerfulness inquired the probable length of Mary Ann's absence. The old lady gave him a glowing account of Mary Ann's delight with her new surroundings, and of how she was appreciated. "She will be having such a good time, Mr. Fuller, that she won't want to be coming home again—anyhow, not yet awhile," she told him.

"Then, maybe, Mrs. Kemp, your little girl will come into my place to tidy up a little? And there is a bit of washin' wants doin'."

"Oh," Mrs. Kemp calmly answered, "Hilda Rose ain't much at housework, and she does such a sight of schooling that she's never had time to learn how to wash. But she shall come in to you, and brighten up your place a bit."

The next day Robert again appeared—with the intimation that Hilda Rose's services were not further required. The truth was the lank, pale-faced London child had "brightened up his place" by gathering the blooms of Robert's early peas—the pride of his heart—as a posy for the kitchen; and had attended to his comfort by putting the kettle over a well-made-up fire, without any preliminary filling. No, Robert decidedly felt that Hilda Rose's services were not required.

Robert Fuller, scrupulously precise and particular, next essayed help from a neighbouring woman. For three days she came and went, but the end of that time saw the end of *her* engagement. Robert's coal and grocery stores in general had disappeared at a miraculous and altogether unprecedented rate, while everything was in a fresh place. As he hunted for mislaid articles Robert ruefully decided that he must entirely do for himself—"until Mary Ann came home."

He avoided Mrs. Kemp for several days, but at last was drawn to visit her. The old lady made him welcome and freely gave all news concerning Mary Ann, although, as she spoke, she grew a little pensive. She admitted that she missed Mary Ann more than a bit. "Hilda Rose was a good little gal, but she didn't know much about how to keep a house straight. But then, Mary Ann is so happy, and there seems such a good opening for her up there to go out by the day to some big new flats

that is near to William; and William and his wife will be only too pleased for her to make her home with them. So why should I—just an old woman—stand in a gal's light? I'm old now, and don't want much but a warm corner and a dish of tea—and most like I shan't want that long. No; I'm not going to stand in my Mary Ann's light."

"But she is comin' home again, Mrs. Kemp?" Robert cried, in great alarm.

"Maybe, maybe, Mr. Fuller. But there does not seem the chance for her to do as well for herself here as she could there."

Another time when Robert visited her (he had taken to do that a good deal of late) Mrs. Kemp volunteered news.

"Mary Ann has been to see your sisters, Mr. Fuller," she told him. "She writes that Bessie's family is coming on nicely. Bessie thinks that her eldest girl is big enough to go away from her now, and that with her help Amelia might manage to keep house for you."

Big, bearded Robert hastily got up—in his agitation upsetting his chair. "I'm not goin' to have any little girls about my place—no, nor yet Amelia grizzlin' at me all the day—not if I know it," he emphatically cried.

Robert's exit had been too rapid for him to hear the old lady's shrill laugh of triumph. No! Grannie might suffer in the flesh, through Mary Ann's absence, but all the time she had the consolation of seeing the desired warm fireside corner growing ever nearer to her. Besides, with Mary Ann safely married, there would be no necessity for her to go out and work, leaving the old lady long hours to herself—a thing she much disliked. Her heart was so full of satisfaction that she even felt prepared to put up with a possible child or two.

Six weeks after Mary Ann's departure for her celebrated holiday Robert Fuller drove through the village towards the station. His old horse, blind in one eye, had been so thoroughly groomed that it had turned its seeing eye, in mild astonishment, upon its master; the cart, also, had been made to look most wonderfully spruce and smart. But the most unusual part of the whole matter was that Robert, who prided himself upon his punctuality, and held that to be punctual you must be neither early nor

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late, was starting a full half-hour before there was any necessity to do so.

While the old horse gently napped outside the station Robert restlessly moved up and down its little platform, from time to time going to the end from where could be seen the white, dusty road; for Mrs. Kemp had thrown out a skilful hint at the very last.

"How Mr. Jones do seem to admire my Mary Ann," she had exclaimed. "He has just been in now, asking me what time I expected her back. I shouldn't wonder you will find him there already, Mr. Fuller." But the white road was a blank—save for the station hens luxuriating in the solitude and the dust.

The train, at last, crawled slowly into the station—and as leisurely steamed away again, leaving Mary Ann and her box upon the platform. Robert casually strolled towards her the while he ostentatiously inquired of the station-master about the non-arrival of some purely fictitious packages. "It's a good thing I had to come to-day, Mary Ann, as you have turned up. Here! let me take your box for you?" he asked her, when greetings were over.

"Thank you, Robert."

The man bustled about, fixed the box, rearranged the seat for Mary Ann, finally getting up beside her; and the old mare, wakening from a doze, shook her reins and started homewards. Robert

stole many covert glances, as they jogged along, at the quiet, comely figure beside him, seeing with fresh eyes, after her absence, the pleasant, wholesome face and the strong, wholesome body. And, as he looked, Robert's heart began to beat in a strangely tumultuous fashion.

There was a little perfunctory conversation at first exchanged between them—she inquiring for "gran" and for neighbours; he, in a very disinterested manner, for his sisters. Then silence descended upon them.

Robert cleared his throat. He whistled a

few bars of a tune, and even hummed a verse of a hymn sang in church the previous Sunday. Again he cleared his throat; but the comely figure beside him had taken no notice—had only continued to sit motionless, hands folded in lap, and to gaze straight before it.



"Robert stole many covert glances, as they jogged along, at the quiet, comely figure beside him."

"I'm thinking, Mary Ann, that I may as well go and see Parson when I get back," Robert at last tentatively remarked.

"Shall you, Robert?"

"I've bought a fine elbow chair since you've been away. It wants some cushions in it, and then it would make a body downright comfortable," was his next attempt of conversation after another lengthy pause.

"Would it, Robert?"

"The brown hen has set, but she didn't make much of a do at it: only brought off five chicks and has lost two of them since.

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Fowls want a sight of attention to make them thrive, that they do."

"Yes, Robert; that is true."

At last Robert gave up beating about the bush. The sight, after its absence, of the fresh-coloured face, and the thought of his past sufferings—Robert had tried to mend his own socks and was still lame with a blister—strung up his courage. He edged a little nearer his companion.

"Mary Ann, if I go to Parson it will be to ask him to call your and my banns," he bashfully declared.

Then had he seen the hot colour flame to the fresh cheeks, while the honest, patient eyes, filled with reproach for the long delay, had been turned towards him. The cart, at that moment going over a rut, had given a great jolt; it had been only an act of courtesy for Robert to put out an arm with which to steady his companion. The touch finished the whole matter; the arm which had nervously stolen forth suddenly clasped the girl tightly. "My! Mary Ann, you are a bonny woman!" he cried.

The horse found the reins were dropped. What need was there to proceed? So it came to a stand beneath the shadow of a

great elm, and meditatively cropped the sweet grass which grew upon the bank; while Robert tasted that joy which might have been his for a long while past—if he had so chosen. For though he had "walked out" with Mary Ann from her girlhood, he had never, in all those years, spoken of marriage—had never even taken a kiss. Ah, but then he had never dreamed it could be so sweet.

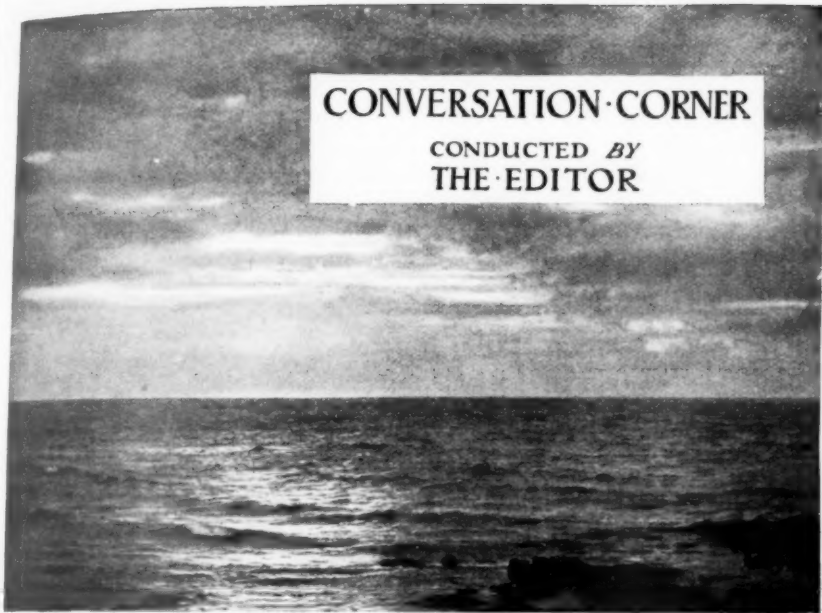
Mrs. Kemp waited, alone, long after the time the carrier should have returned; but she had not minded, for in the end her waiting had its reward. When Mary Ann came she wore a bloom which never before had been hers, and a very bashful Robert, making obvious efforts for an easy manner and speech, was with her.

"I've got a better chair than yours in my place, Mrs. Kemp, and there is a first-rate corner, too, for it, beside my kitchen fire," he cried. He added: "Maybe you'll like to be telling Mr. Morton that you won't want this place after the month is up, for you'd not like to be paying rent without living in it. And, after the month, you'll be makin' your home with me—with me and Mary Ann."



CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR



(Photo: W. Hand.)

King Edward's Early Days

ONE of the most fascinating books published this year has been the second supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Sir Sidney Lee: particularly fascinating on account of the new and authoritative "Life" of King Edward, written by the editor. It gives a valuable account of the upbringing and education of the young Prince. The Prince Consort superintended his son's education, and was disappointed to find that the boy was slow to learn. It was difficult to interest him in his lessons. This is not wonderful when we understand that history was carefully confined to bare facts and dates, that fiction was withheld as demoralising, even Sir Walter Scott coming under the ban. The unhappy result was that the Prince never acquired a habit of reading. "Apart from the newspapers, he practically read nothing in mature years." A still more serious defect of his education was that he was practically isolated from boys of his own age. Prince Albert was afraid that companions would have a contaminating effect on the child. When the Prince was a child of six or seven a few boys were invited to play with him, but Prince Albert, who was often present, frightened the boy visitors. The Prince was never taught ordinary games.

A Prince without Liberty

IN the years from seventeen to twenty-one the Prince was vigilantly watched, and entrusted to the care of a Governor. It might have been thought that the Prince Consort's death would set the young Prince at liberty, but Queen Victoria never ceased to think of him as a boy, to whom she owed parental guidance. She determined to rule him, and to allow no person to dictate to herself. Naturally, the Prince chafed under the restrictions, though his placable temper averted open conflict. Queen Victoria never ceased to ignore his title to any function of government. She denied the Prince any acknowledged responsibility in public affairs for the long period of nearly forty years which intervened between his father's death and his own accession to the throne.



Parental Mistakes

OF course, King Edward's education was a mistake—a mistake on the part of two of the wisest and noblest people we have had in our midst for many generations. It was in spite of, and not because of his upbringing that King Edward proved such a popular personality and able Monarch. The story makes one ponder deeply on the whole question of the education of children.

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It will be said that the treatment of young Prince Albert was "early Victorian," and that nowadays the danger is in quite the opposite direction. That may be true to an extent, but not entirely.



The Law of Opposites

HOW do we account for a child so radically disappointing the wishes of his parents? Here is the Prince Consort wanting his boy to become a lover of books, and the young Prince comes to detest them; there you have a minister who all his life has emphasised the sinfulness of worldly amusements, and his children take the first opportunity of theatre-going and dancing; there you have a man who is ultra-Protestant to his finger-tips, and his son joins the Roman Catholic Church. Is this the "law of opposites," or "reversion to type," or merely the strange perversity of youth? Can it, rather, be that it is possible to produce the opposite effect to the one desired simply by over-reiteration? I believe that is often the explanation. I know a young fellow who, from his earliest years, was warned of the evils of smoking. Strangely enough, directly he came to the "age of discretion" (really before that halcyon period) he took to surreptitious smoking. The perversity of boy nature, said his parents. The power of suggestion would be the right comment. If he had not had the subject dinned into his ears so constantly he would not have thought of it.



The Power of Suggestion

PSYCHOLOGISTS are giving more and more attention to child study, and they show us that a child acts by "suggestion" more than by direct command. Then, too, a child—and a man for that matter—always has a tendency to become what you believe him to be. "Johnnie, you are a bad boy," exclaims the indignant nurse twenty times a day. Johnnie, of course, begins to believe it—and to act up to it. Who has not seen that principle in operation again and again? Who has not known a mother who always emphasised the frivolity, selfishness, irresponsibility of her children? She evidently expects them to be such, and then expresses surprise that they come up to her expectations. Even worse is the parent who is perpetually "preaching at" the children. Some good people are afflicted with a malady for "pointing the moral." No

incident can occur without being "improved upon," no accident can happen without "I told you so," until the unhappy progeny take the first opportunity of fleeing from the parental pulpit and taste the delights of dissipation for a change.



Family Prayers

ONE would hesitate to say anything that could be construed into an attack upon family prayers. I have tender memories associated with the "home altar." Yet it would not be too much to say that one has known family prayers to be an actual cause of spiritual apathy, and even worse. I have known the sacred office to be used to "pray at" some member of the household present; could anything be more destructive of real spirituality? If family prayers are so conducted as to be a weariness or a cause of offence to the child. I have no hesitation in saying they are wrong.



The Root of the Trouble

"QUEEN VICTORIA never ceased to think of him as a boy; she determined to rule him, and to allow no person to dictate to herself." Does not that sum up the matter? Too often children have been treated as clay, and not as plants. I mean that we mould clay to just the shape we want it, but plants we have to grow. We cannot stamp our love of books, our preferences, our religion on to a child; we can surround him with the influences that shall develop the best possibilities of his own individual nature.



No Connection with Holidays

THIS little homily may be thought rather unsuitable for a holiday month. But surely the holiday time is the best chance we get of thinking about the problems of ourselves and our relations to the people around us. January 1st is rather an unsuitable date for the making of new resolutions—let those who have tried it testify! But in some quiet glade one summer eve we may more dispassionately see our own mistakes, more kindly view the conduct of others, and set our life forthwith on a larger, ampler scale.

The Editor

To the Discouraged Woman

A Straight Talk on the Duty, Power, and Way of Happiness

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

Nothing, perhaps, is character more apparent than in the attitude of a person face to face with trouble towards life in general. "Life is very interesting," I heard a woman remark who had just been told by her doctor that she had to give up the public work she loved and lead an invalid life for at least a year. "So long as one has books and newspapers, a few real friends and a host of kind acquaintances, there is no need to be miserable because one is laid on the shelf. At least, I shall see that my particular shelf is made as attractive as possible!"

I was struck both by the courage of the woman and the magnificent common sense she displayed. She determined to get all the happiness she could by making the best of things as they were. How many people fail in this one thing! They don't make the most of what they have, and so miss the happiness and enjoyment which might be their portion. It is a natural human trait to desire what we have not got, whether it is a husband or a motor, but the wise woman gets as much satisfaction as she can out of the ingredients at her disposal.

Life is interesting if we wish it to be so. It is dull, monotonous, and dreary if we shut ourselves away from its beauty. Health and enjoyment are the normal conditions of living, and we can have them if we live according to the right laws.

The first law of happiness is that we should make the best of life, spiritually and materially. Make up your mind that you are going to lead a happy, a busy, a useful life, and stick to your determination. Too many women spoil their lives for lack of interests. They realise the narrowness of their outlook, but they won't make the effort necessary to get into touch with wider interests. There is so much work left undone for lack of willing workers. There is so much dreariness in life for the people who won't trouble

to make friends. There is so much unhappiness simply and solely because we do not realise better that we can get happiness if we strive after it in the right way.

The Duty of Happiness

It has always seemed a little remarkable that happiness is not included in the average person's conception of duty. If cheerfulness, good feeling, and the joy of living were cultivated in the right way, what an enormous difference it would make in the world! We realise vaguely that the bright, happy, optimistic soul exerts a far-reaching influence for good. We are oppressed by the pessimist whose views of life and the universe poison everyone they reach. But we fail to realise, most of us, that happiness is something we can have if we like. It is not a matter of temperament, as some people declare, because we can overcome temperamental weaknesses by something stronger—character. Happiness is not even dependent upon health, except that pain and sickness make it more difficult to achieve. Good health, freedom from family trouble, absence of financial anxiety are contributing factors, it is true, but no one of them is essential. Many people who possess every advantage it is possible to imagine are unhappy in spite of it all, suffering needlessly, fruitlessly, who might be happy if they liked. Probably they make no real effort to be happy. They may have got into a groove.

We all are a little apt to become over-serious as life goes on. We don't cultivate the germ of joyousness which is in everyone. We don't laugh enough or enjoy things as we might. The delicious delight of the child in simple things—we forget it too soon. We get absorbed in the practical details of life and miss its wayside beauties—the soft light of the sky, the charm of colour and sound, the exquisite things of Nature. Gradually the power of appreciating these things and finding the joy in them goes if we do not cultivate it,

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We lose the inimitable blue sky atmosphere so wonderful in youth. Some women keep it, this power of finding happiness in little things, of absorbing the good from everything and everybody. Thus they inspire happiness in others. The happy people are not necessarily free of cares, exempt from worries, but they do not allow themselves to be absorbed, enfeebled by trouble, disappointment.

"I gets a bit tired of washing dirty dishes," a poor housewife of the slums once said to me quite cheerfully, "but the hook and eye cardin' makes a nice change." It seems almost incredible; does it not? Let the leisured women who find life dull and monotonous try to imagine what existence must be for these sweated workers in our great cities, who find "enjoyment" in a change of drudgery. In truth, it seems difficult to kill outright the divine germ of happiness in the human soul. But many women almost succeed by constantly grumbling over the inevitable little trials of life, and worrying over what cannot be altered. If these would only get rid of bad habits of depression and worry, and cultivate in their place that attitude of mind which seeks for good, which holds to the ideal of sunshine, good cheer, gladness!

"The mind is everything —
What you think you become."

Spiritual Starvation

One of the most pathetic things in life is the ill-nourishment of the very poor, who never have from week to week enough food to make them look fed. But there is a moral and spiritual condition sadder still. You know the man who is jealous and envious of others' success, even when he has arrived himself? You know the woman who is always disparaging, always finding fault, always uncharitable in her estimate of the people she meets? These are the really unhappy people who are starved of the higher qualities of mind and heart, who are ill-nourished spiritually and perpetually unsatisfied.

The power to be happy is not an inherent quality which we either possess or lack, neither is it a consequence of material belongings, otherwise all the rich, prosperous, successful people would

possess it in abundance. It is a sign of health—spiritual and moral, rather than physical health. It is a proof of right living, of an understanding of life's meaning, however vague that may be. The "successful" people are the happy people, even if they have never prospered materially. What if we have everything the world can give and a discontented spirit? Happiness is a power *because* of its influence for good on others. Every doctor ought to be happy if he is to do real good in the world. Every clergyman would multiply his converts a thousand-fold if he could feel and inspire others with the joy, peace, and trust which real religion gives. Everybody, of course, wants to be happy. Every woman of the right sort longs to make the man she loves and the children she adores happy and content.

This universal craving for happiness is in a sense pathetic, and yet it contains the promise of ultimate possession. The mistake so many people make is in thinking unhappiness inevitable, and trying to comfort themselves with the idea of happiness in another and better sphere. Why not happiness here and now? It can be attained. Some people win it. What is the secret of these happy, successful people, whose lives are true and strong, helpful and glad?

If you are interested in human nature, if you observe and study the people you meet, you must have noticed that the happy and the strong people have these three qualities: unselfishness, kindness, appreciation. No life can be happy that is purely selfish. No man or woman can earn happiness who is not helpful. The best work any of us can do is to help someone else; and the work that is not helpful, however successful it may be, is less valuable for the fact.

It is this note of helpfulness that glorifies drudgery, that sanctifies the monotonous toil of doing the same uninteresting daily task over and over again.

If you are a home woman and have had your hours of discontent, your moments of envious longing for a bigger work outside, remember, suggest to yourself, the helpfulness of what you are doing, and you will be happier at once. We all get

TO THE DISCOURAGED WOMAN

more happiness out of the work we do if we feel it is useful to other people.

This is true not only of actual work, but of every thought, word and action. The way to grow and develop and find inspiration, encouragement, happiness, is to give these things to others. Life is often poor and unsatisfactory because we fail in generous giving.

There is a physical law to the effect that action and reaction are equal and opposite goals. The same thing is true in the psychical world. What we give out of sympathy, helpfulness and hope comes back to us in equal measure.

The Habit of Kindness

The proof of this may be seen in the everyday little kindnesses of life. Some women seem to have established a habit of always doing little acts of service for others. They are the splendid homemakers, the wives and mothers who rule with a rod of love every member of the household. They are the finest types of business and professional women who live interesting and useful lives, gaining happiness through their sympathy and understanding.

Think of the number of business girls who give their evenings to housework in the home or to girls' clubs and societies which exist for those whose lives are even harder and greyer. No one who

has come in touch with working women can have failed to note the kindness and camaraderie among them.

It is this generosity of spirit, this pervading charity, that accounts for the happy lives many women live who have no home life, no child's voice to call a welcome at the end of a long day. Surely sympathy and kindness are the secrets of happiness in this world. In the Boy Scout and Girl Guide training there is a rule that everyone must do one good turn each day.

Think of what the following out of this rule means as a factor for happiness!

Miss Baden-Powell declares that it has a remarkable influence upon the children's minds and characters. The power of habit and suggestion is greater than we realise. Try doing a good turn to somebody, day after day, week after week. By the time you have established this one good habit you will be fifty per cent. happier. It is not the people who "save" themselves trouble and work who are successful in the end, if we measure success as we should do, by growth of heart and spirit, by the love and liking we receive.

The joy of life comes not from the things we accumulate and the money that we save, but from our power of sympathy and understanding of life's meaning.



(Photo: Rex Foundation.)

MATINS.



The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto By Love Serve One Another

How, When and
Where Corner,
August, 1912

COMPANIONS DEAR,—

The "Where" of this letter's making is once more the Corner where I have at hand pictures of many of you, and other things that remind me constantly of my Companion friends. And the "When" is the quiet evening of an early summer day. I have had ever so busy a day in London, and the fresh sweet coolness of the air and trees and meadows here in the country is so good! The sea, by which I wrote to you last, is far away; something refreshing to think of, though. And my thoughts have just been in the mountains and moors also, for the top letter on a big pile at my right hand is from Gladys West (Macduff), asking if there is any chance that I may be in Aviemore when she is there? No such happy fortune, I imagine, Gladys.

The birds have evidently enjoyed the gorgeous sunshine that has filled in the intervals between the heavy rain showers of the day. At least, I fancy it must be the reason that their evening hymn is unusually gay and emphatic. "Nigger" is listening to it as well as I. He has fixed himself very comfortably on the corner of a table by the open window, and is contemplating the evening meadow scene with such a benevolent gaze! He really is on forbidden ground. But, as I would prefer that he should meditate about the birds rather than try to catch some of them

—which is what he probably would straightway go off to do were he turned out—I am not disturbing him.

For the first quiet half-hour in my Corner I was thinking over the day's work: of places I have been in, and of people I have seen. And the question came up, "Whose

was the happiest face you have seen to-day?" It needed considering before I could give myself a satisfactory answer. Here is the answer: I was a little surprised at it myself. Perhaps you will be so, too. Many faces I have seen to-day, the faces of busy City men and women, of the gay shoppers in West London, and of pretty (and hideously) "fashionably" dressed folk in the streets and halls in which I have been. But the happiest and most serene face of all was that of a poor little girl I met as I was passing into the railway station this afternoon on my way home. Such a pretty little maiden she was—about six, I should have said, had she been one of your little sisters, but girlies in her condition are often smaller for their age than your sisters are, and she may have been ten, or even eleven. Her face was radiant, so radiant that for a moment or two I did not look at anything else. Then I saw that all the joy and love was being shed on a wee mite of a sister who was toddling as fast as her tiny legs could go by her side. And once more I looked at Little Radiance—and I saw that she held in her left hand a crutch; she had only one leg, I found, and her clothes—oh, they were so ragged! Yet hers was truly the most beautifully happy face I have seen to-day, and I should like to see her again.

As you will expect, she immediately made me begin to think about "Our Three," and to rejoice that they are having homes somewhere other than in London slums. And I remembered a letter lying at that minute on my desk at home. It contained the latest

news of our children. I am sorry there are no letters from them this month, but here are tidings that will give you all pleasure and make you thankful.

Of David the last news is that "he is a fat, chubby, well-grown boy, warmly clothed, and in the very best of health. He is doing well, and is a quiet, obe-

Are you made glad by this news of our three children? Then tell one of your friends who does not know about our Scheme. We want to have more than three Happy Ones in Canada.

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

lient boy, and treated in every way as one of the family. He attends Sunday school and church regularly, as well as day school."

That's all excellent, isn't it? And "Violet is in good health, and very happy," and that is exactly the report sent about Lena. Over half our year is gone already. Let me ask: Have you had a part in our shareholders' gladness? I should like everyone who can to have it. We all want to feel that Violet and David and Lena are really fully provided for, and then we hope others will be also.

How our Badge will Help

It is exhilarating to find that our Scheme has not only the increasingly loving enthusiasm of those who have taken part in it from the beginning, but that many of our new members are so keen. And I am hoping that this holiday month will be used by every Companion to extend that interest. That reminds me: This is much easier to do now we have our Badge. It invites questions, and gives the wearers a chance for telling of our work. I don't see why we should not very quickly, through it, double our membership, and so, at the least, have double our service power!

We have sold a goodly number of the Badges. The silver brooch style was sold out in a short time, and had to be rerade. They are pretty and dainty, so no wonder they are popular. I have a particular liking, though, for the tie-pins; these are so strong and serviceable. Mine is in wear every day. With the shirt blouse and ties which most of us wear in the mornings nowadays they are quite as useful to girls as to boys.

New Members to Help Us

I am pleased that so many of our new Companions are asking for Badges, and some also for collecting books. Let me tell you who are our new members for this month.

The Leven Group is going ahead. Agnes Huband and Chrissie Milne bring in a recruit, Maggie Drummond (age 14); while

Maggie Fairgrieve introduces Lizzie Ballingall (age 12). Maggie makes this remark:

"The more I read the 'H.W.W.C.' the more interested I become. The last night Agnes, Chrissie and I were talking over 'How' we could help Violet, we came to the conclusion that we would each try to increase our membership, and also we would make small articles and try to sell them to our friends, so in this way we may do a little to increase our Scheme."

Isn't that a spirited lead? Well done, Leven!

And now for others.

Doris C. Parker (age 17; Hampstead) writes:

"I am writing to you because I should like to join the Corner. I think the talks and letters in the Companionship Pages are ever so interesting. You will have me, won't you? It is nice to have some children to provide for, and I hope we shall soon be able to keep four. Violet seems to like her life in Canada, doesn't she? I will try to help whenever I can."

Marian Hardy (age 9; Norwich) asked for a Badge with her membership card, and sent the photograph which you see here. She has a tortoise in her garden:

"He does not eat slugs and snails, but eats green stuff and drinks milk. Have any of the other Companions got tortoises?"

Dora Lester Athron (age 14) is our first member in Clacton-on-Sea. She is an enthusiastic member of the "Girl Guides," and has passed all the tests. Dora has a fine chance for extending our interests, as she must know so many girls and boys, and this work of ours is just the thing for Guides and Scouts to be

helpers in—it's so practical and sensible.

Nesta Parry Prichard (age 13; Penrygroes) is Essyllt's sister. I am always very pleased when sisters and brothers come in one after the other; it is so much more interesting for them to be keen on the Companionship together.

Dora Muriel Grieses (age 10; Burley-in-Wharfedale) writes:

"We have taken THE QUIVER for a long time, and this year I have been specially interested in the 'H.W.W.C.' so I thought I would like to join. I go to boarding-school, and we have not much time for writing letters, but I will write in the holidays. I was born in Singapore, and I had a Chinese nurse. I had a Japanese tea-set given me when I was a baby



MARIAN HARDY.

THE QUIVER

and a Japanese doll as well. It was dressed in a kimono; that is what the Japanese dresses are called. I came to England when I was one and a half years old. We have lived in England ever since. Burley is a very pretty place. There are some lovely moors, where we often go for a picnic when it is fine. Not far from here are some lovely woods, where the River Wharfe is so narrow that a man can jump over it. It is called 'The Stride.' But if they do not jump far enough they would have no chance to get to land, because the river flows so rapidly. We went to a pretty place yesterday called 'Eshalt Springs,' and we found a lot of wild flowers."

Doris also asked for a Badge, and I am quite expecting to hear that other girls in her school will be wanting to join our Companionship.

Irene Elizabeth Reader (age 10; Yalding) and *Marion Frances Smith* (age 15; Clevedon) are new comers. I shall be glad to have a long letter from the former. I am particularly interested in Kingsley's country, Marion, so tell me what you can about it. Marion's father and mother are in Ceylon, and she was born out there, coming to England when she was six.

Going Ahead in the West Indies

Two fresh members from the West Indies, *Lizzie Palmer* (age 12; St. David's, Grenada) is one, and *Elsie Gaendolyne Lewis* (age 13; Sav. la Mar, Jamaica) is the other. Elsie

oranges best of all Jamaican fruits. The news of the loss of the *Titanic* has just reached us. It must have been awful for those passengers on the sinking vessel to think that perhaps in a few minutes they would be at the bottom of the mighty ocean. I returned from a visit to Kingston a few months ago. The houses built since the earthquake of January, 1907, are really beautiful. I will try all I can to get some more Companions for the Corner, I am enclosing a small subscription of sixpence, and should like a collecting book."

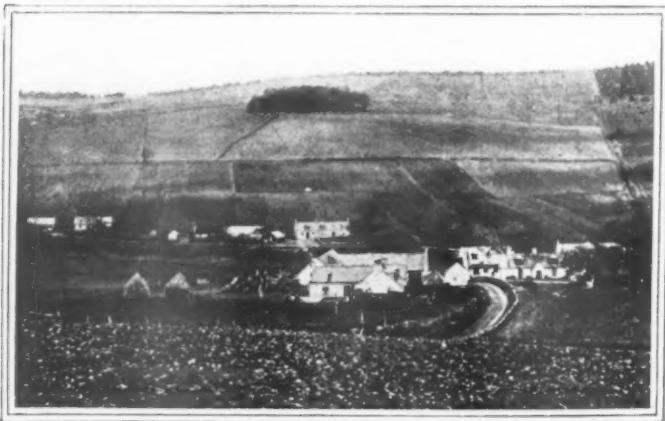
Josephine Grace Powell (age 14; Otaki) is another friend we have to welcome in New Zealand.

"My auntie," Josephine writes, "sends us *THE QUIVER* every month, and I enjoy reading the letters so much that I would like to become a member of the 'H.W.W.C.' I do not think there are any Companions near Otaki, so I will try and tell you something about our little village. Many years ago it was a Maori Pah, and several battles have been fought around here. It is in the native cemetery here that the great fighting chief, Te Rauparaha, lies buried beneath two island pines. Otaki is a seaside resort, so my home is close to the sea. It is beautiful to see the waves dashing up on the shore in rough weather. A few miles away there is a high range of mountains which are snow-capped in winter. The climate is very mild; we never have snow, and frost only a few times during the year. Sometimes the summer is very hot, and the grass is all dried up; then grass fires are very frequent and a great deal of damage is done. I will now close, wishing the Corner every success."

I have a budget of letters from our members in the West Indies. *Betty Balfour* wrote for a silver brooch Badge. *Frieda Martin* had missed our letters during her absence from home, and had been busy reading up all the back numbers of *THE QUIVER*.

"The Scheme is two years old this month," she wrote, "and there are inter protégés! I shall try to send something for the Fund soon. By the way, I hope to be able to introduce a new Companion soon. I met her on board the ship coming from England, and when I told her about the 'H.W.W.C.' she

seemed inclined to join, but I had no *QUIVER* with me, so I promised to send her one when I got home, so that if she wanted to join she could. I liked England very well, on the whole, though I did not like the winter. The time I should have liked was the very cold week, and then I had the most awful cold, so could not go out to enjoy it. I could not go in for the April competition because I had no flower to copy. Please think of us in the tropics, Alison; do give us a story competition soon. There seem a lot of us in the West Indies, don't there?"



(Photo: W. B. Jones)

MARY J. THOMSON'S HOME (MARKED X) AT NEWSEAT CUSHNIE.

writes a pleasant letter, from which I will quote. She is, by the way, introduced by *Inez Aguilar*:

"I think it an excellent idea to try to help others. Violet seems to be a nice little girl, and what a sunny face Lena has! My mother and aunts and two little brothers live in a large old place. It has a cane field, a number of fruit trees, such as oranges, star-apples, custard-apples, and mangoes. I like

Avoid the Dangers of Over-Fatness

OBESITY PERMANENTLY CURED

THE reduction of over-fatness and the permanent cure of the disease of obesity are two very different things, though it is a common fallacy that one may starve down over-fatness and enjoy good health and lasting slimmness of figure. This fatal error has wrought a tremendous deal of harm, which is often aggravated by taking drugs of a weakening and even poisonous nature. There is no need whatever for drugs or food restrictions when the world-renowned Antipon treatment for reducing weight is adopted. This is the opinion, after long experience, of the brilliant French specialist, Dr. Buciardi, of Paris. "I must frankly say," writes this great authority, "that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity. All other products are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous. You are at liberty to make whatever use you like of this, as I like to do justice to such perfect products."



Stoutness and ill-health Escaped by Antipon.

Sedentary Workers

Those who are unable to take a fair amount of outdoor exercise, those who are closely confined to the study, the class-room, the atelier, or the desk for long hours, are naturally more liable to develop obesity than men and women with active outdoor occupations, and they suffer from ill-health in consequence.

A large amount of needless fatty tissue creates general heaviness, induces lassitude and mental depression, and impedes circulation, respiration, digestion, and other vital functions. The muscular structure of the heart is affected, leading to cardiac weakness, fatty degeneration, and many other evils. The liver and kidneys in time become congested and diseased. This dreadful state of things menaces life itself. An over-fat person is never safe.

Is it not, therefore, the positive duty of every over-stout man and woman to take a course of Antipon without delay? So much

depends upon it, and the treatment is so simple and pleasant, and comparatively inexpensive.

The Tonic Element

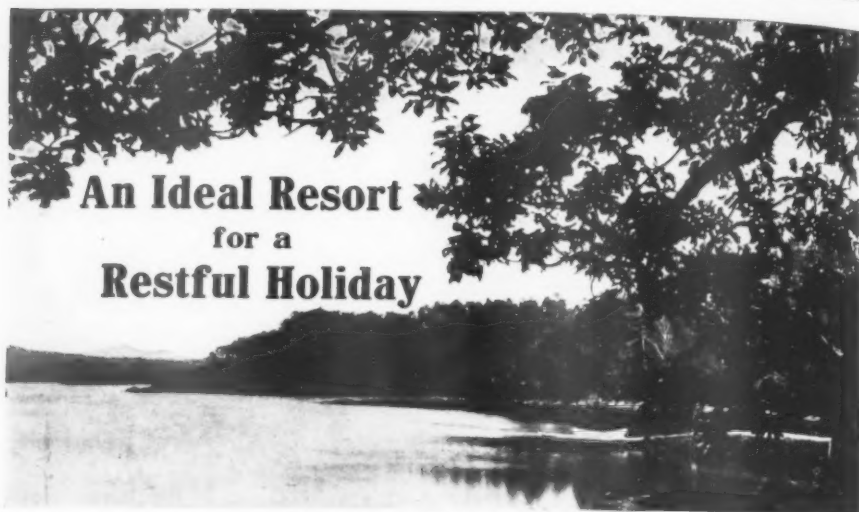
Great as a weight-reducer, Antipon is scarcely less remarkable as a tonic, acting principally on the alimentary canal. It revives appetite (often very capricious with stout persons), and stimulates digestion and assimilation, so that wholesome food in adequate quantities restores the perfect nutrition which is absolutely essential to health and strength and comeliness.

The person undergoing the Antipon treatment is bothered with no dietary or other restrictions. The more good food he eats and digests thoroughly the better. This tonic, feeding-up system can do nothing but good, since Antipon, whilst rapidly eliminating the excess-fat from all parts, gradually but surely overcomes the abnormal tendency to accumulate useless and disfiguring fatty deposition. Thus the cure is permanent.

When starting Antipon it is advisable to adopt the scale test. Weighing oneself twenty-four hours after the first dose, it will be found that there has been an initial reduction of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. (according to individual conditions). Following on this, the weighing machine will show a satisfactory daily diminution, while one will feel better and fitter and brighter as the decrease progresses. When normal weight and nice shapely proportions are attained, the treatment may be discontinued.

The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"Antipon stands shoulder-high above all other cures for corpulence, and may be accepted by all as a remedy which has in very truth cured thousands of people of their tendency to corpulence. Antipon is a grand builder-up of the system."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



An Ideal Resort for a Restful Holiday

THE HARBOUR, GARNISH ISLAND, PARKNASILLA.

(Photo: Lawrence, Dublin.)

IT is one of the signs of the times that in the most lovely parts of this beautiful little kingdom of ours, where the quiet hill-sides and the tree-combed lanes have hitherto been sacred to the pedestrian or the horse-driven vehicle, the whirling motor-car should speed its way towards the glories of Nature, about which the poets of several centuries have so often sung. The average tourist cannot, nowadays, afford the hours which a long coach drive necessitates; in his short holiday he wishes to see all he can.

The establishment of the motor-car and motor char-à-banc services has proved a blessing to him, and by their aid he can go farther afield in a shorter space of time than ever he could before. Mention only one locality: Killarney and Glengariff. You can, thanks to the enterprise of the Irish Great Southern and Western Railway, breakfast in Cork, lunch in Glengariff, have tea at Parknasilla, and dine in Killarney the same evening, or you can turn off at Parknasilla and go to Cahirciveen. And yet, all the wonderful panorama of world-famous scenery is not passed too quickly to be hailed with delight and appreciation. There are spots where, maybe, you would linger. The prescient wisdom of the authorities has placed a fine hotel within easy reach—at Parknasilla, where the traveller ought cer-

tainly to stay awhile; at Waterville, Caragh Lake, Kenmare and Killarney, accommodation of the best class is available, and it is to be noted that the railway company issue combined rail and hotel tickets.

New stretches of road have been embraced in the motor services, and as the vehicle carries the traveller rapidly on to his destination, the charms of Ireland's fascinating landscapes are revealed at every turn of the road. Along lanes densely hung with luxuriant foliage, with the outline of the blue hills faintly pencilled above the horizon; beside the swiftly flowing rivers or rushing mountain torrents; or at the fringe of the lakes themselves—the journeys which may be accomplished by these motor services are such as endure in the memory.

The tourist may now enjoy 150 miles of motor coaching through the wonderful river, ocean, lake and mountain scenery of West Cork and Kerry. The motor coaches run every day, except Sunday, during the season, between Killarney, Parknasilla, Kenmare, Glengariff and Bantry; between Parknasilla and Cahirciveen via Waterville, and between Parknasilla and Kenmare.

A booklet concerning this lovely district will be sent on request, by The Tourist Office, Dept. O, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin.



VIEW OF GARNISH ISLAND, PARKNASILLA.

(Photo: Lawrence, Dublin.)

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Then comes a letter from *George Ballantyne* (St. Vincent). He had been gravely ill with yellow fever, but was better, happily.

"I am quite interested in the Scheme for the Shum children, and hope to do something for them," he writes. "We grow the best cotton in the world," he tells me, "and lots of other things."

Alice Dalgliesh (Trinidad) sends me a long, delightful letter, but she says it is "private, for yourself alone," so I must not give it here; but I will tell you that she sent a gift for our Fund, and was pleased with her prize.

Another West Indian contributor this month is *Hilda Otway* (Grenada) from whom there were two notes:

"I was very glad to see that we could adopt another little girl. Was she very pleased to go to Canada?"

I am sure she was. How are Violet and David? I suppose they must be very happy. The steamer which should have come for our English mails was wrecked at Carthagena, so I don't know what will become of the mails. I suppose some other steamer will come for them. There seem to be so many wrecks now. We have had such severe dry weather this year everything is dried up. In some places people have to send carts for water, and stock are dying from thirst. I do not know what will happen if we don't get some rain just now."

When writing for a Badge, *Inez Aguilar* gave me the following account of an excursion she had recently made:

"Last week I went with some friends to such a pretty place. It is a neighbouring town called Montego Bay. I had to get up early in the morning and leave about a quarter to five, as I went to meet my friends. We all travelled together by buggy to the station, which is twenty-two miles away from our homes. It was a lovely morning, and the mist was rising as we got higher up and nearer the station. We were in good time for the train, which started about a quarter to nine. When we were near Montego Bay the scenery was just grand; I couldn't tell you how grand it was. There lay the bay, the town in the distance and little islands dotted here and there, known as Bogue Islands, and one or two were just like green wreaths. In the centre of one or two was a big pond of water. When we arrived we got into a wagonette and drove through part of the town, and then to a place called 'White Sands.' You should see the sands! A little farther we got out, and we had our lunch under coco-nut trees, the sea just in front of us. When we were driving to this place we were pointed out some rocks which are known as 'The Hen and Her Chickens.' We went on to see some friends who live right on top of a hill, and from there we had a most glorious view. I reached home after eight, having had a splendid day's outing."

It is the turn of Home members now, I really think, though there are a number of other letters from abroad which you would enjoy. *Clarice Rutland* writes from Melbourne; *Essie Daley* from Sydney; *Kathleen Cather* from London, Ontario; and *Mar-*

guerite Foss from Natal, among others. But to come

Nearer Home

I have to thank for letters and gifts: *Clarice Hilton* (Southport); *Marjorie Grey* (Folkestone); *Nora Jones* (Holyhead); *Gladys Richards* (Burton-on-Trent); *Daisy Valentine* (Aberdeen), and *Jean Best* also—the latter had made 14s. with the "Violet" magazine; *Norah Townend* (Acton); *Marjorie Hayward* (Conventry); *Peggy Macpherson* (Old Meldrum); *Heriot Hughes* (London); *Ian T. Fraser* (Harris, N.B.); *Robert Murphy* (Ballymoney); *Ella Neale* (Toddington); *Dora Dewhirst* (Stockton-on-Tees)—whose father was giving her a silver Badge pendant

for having passed the Junior Oxford with Honours; *Maud G. Gill* (Hove); *Molly Wallis* (Clanfield); *Doris Trott* (Bideford); *Kathleen Crago* (Plymouth); *Doris Lamb* (Stourport); *Winifred Topliss* (Louth); *Winifred Wood* (Hornsey); *Enid Jones* (Cardiff), and also *Dorothy Powell*; *Ida M. Wood* (Alvaston); *Lizzie Ballingall* (Leven); *Emily Pretsell* (Loanhead), and *Peggy Allan* (Bucksburn).

Jean Best said in her letter:

"I have just come home from a lovely holiday at Bridge of Allan. We were staying at an hotel there, and who do you think I met but *Alexander* and *Agnes Oliphant* from Glasgow, who are both members of the 'H.W.W.C.'! It was nice seeing them, and we went for some lovely cycle rides. They have become members of my 'Violet' magazine. I told them about it and they were very interested."

And now I am looking forward to hearing from *Alec* and *Agnes*! It must have been very jolly for that trio at Bridge of Allan.

Letter Prizes

this month are being sent to *Dora Grieves* and *Josephine Powell*, whose letters you have been reading.

An Animal Story Competition

I find that story competitions are favourites, so we will have another. The Companions in the tropics should get a chance here, as *Frieda Martin* asks. The Animal Stories must be true; you may either have known the incidents in your own experience, or someone may tell you the facts. In the latter case, you must put them into your own language, as interestingly as you are able. The hero or heroine may be any kind of animal, or a bird. The

THE QUIVER

one essential thing is that the story *must be true*, and I do want fresh ones; don't send me any that you know have appeared in print before. No story may take more than 300 words to tell.

Some of you will like to hear of a book of which I bought a copy the other day. It is just the book for you Companions who are going to the sea or the mountains to slip into your luggage in case of wet days. Those of you who are teachers will get from it hints for lessons next term; big Companions who have little brothers and sisters in their party will find it useful to entertain them

with in otherwise idle hours; and all of you who read it will have many thoughts roused by it. The book is called "Talks with Children about Themselves." It is written by Amy B. Barnard, and I found it was issued by our own Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co. It costs three and sixpence.

A glorious holiday month for all of you is the wish of

Your Companion Friend,

Alison.

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

(a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.

(b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.

(c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.



"THE QUIVER" FOR SEPTEMBER

THE September Number of THE QUIVER will be a holiday issue—and something more: it can claim to be a holiday number if only on account of the lovely series of "Wave" photographs which will be one of the features; but the "something more" will make it of interest for all time.

The number will open with a long complete story by H. Halyburton Ross, entitled "The Thief's Road." This is beautifully illustrated by Harold Copping. Other stories will include "The Wooing of Aunt Jane," by Annie Cook; "Dolly's Sandwichman," by Verna Sheard; "A Lighthouse on Land," by an old QUIVER favourite, Scott Graham, etc.

A feature likely to cause controversy is an article by Mr. F. A. Atkins, which is entitled "The Modern Woman: An Indictment."

One of the most beautiful items in the issue is "By Loch and Tarn," written and illustrated by A. J. R. Roberts. The Rev. J. G. Stevenson, B.A., deals with "The Choleric Temperament" in the series on "Religion and Temperament"; and Denis Crane tells of the "Problems and Prospects of the New North-West."

A great many people have listened to the lectures of the Rev. Arthur Mursell, and will appreciate his reminiscences of lecturing in the article "Some Chairmen I have Met."



The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

A Very Human Text

THERE are few secular texts which will bear such deep probing as Shakespeare's words: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Get to the heart of a man, and no matter where he lives, what is his colour, what language he speaks—nay, even what his professed creed may be, he will respond, and respond just as one would do who is at the very antipodes from him in every outward way. Differ as we may in things external, we are all leashed together where the heart is concerned.

It is very specially so in whatever concerns the young life. A simple example has been going the rounds of the Press lately in the way help has been coming from all parts of our Empire for the Fresh Air Fund. Bairns are bairns all the world over, and wherever there is a good heart, there is ache and pain at the thought of children pining for want of a child's first requirement—fresh air. The example has been quoted in the papers as though it were a novelty, but it has been from the first the very life and support of the Crutch-and-Kindness League. From the very beginning its helpers have hailed from every part of the globe, as may be seen by a glance at the list of new members for the month, closing this paper.

And how they become interested is another endorsement of Shakespeare's truism, with frequently a touch of romance thrown in. Take this letter from Australia as an instance:

"Away up in the lonely Cape York Peninsula I came across, at a telegraph station on the C. York Overland line, some old QUIVERS, some two years old, and was struck with the articles entitled 'The Crutch-and-Kindness League.' I may mention that though only half-Scotch, I was seven years in Edinburgh (Auld Reekie) at school, and afterwards at office-life. I have, therefore, seen something of the poverty existing at home, and perhaps in my small corner I could help a little. The idea of sending monthly a note or card, or something, to one little chap or maid seems good, as it would no doubt bring a ray of sunshine into some wee heart. I will consider what I can do when I hear from you; I intend subscribing for THE QUIVER, and will thereby keep in touch with your great work."

This is only one case out of thousands. One member has casually mentioned the merciful work to another; a letter alluding to it has come in someone's way—and so on—and another "little languid loiterer" on life's highway has found a friend. At the centre of it all there has somehow been that one touch of nature.

But lest I should let my interest in this phase of the human heart carry me away so that I may have no space for it later on, let me here briefly explain what the Crutch-and-Kindness League is, and what it does. It is simply an organisation of pity which, through the medium of the Post Office, tries to show a loving concern for the poor little cripples of London. There are 12,000 of these in the merciful oversight of the Ragged School Union and its hundreds of voluntary visitors. They are all very poor; they are children, and they are sufferers. Glance at their surroundings as duly entered on the Union's register. "Father is in hospital, and mother has poor health." "Father dead, mother an upholsteress—the family have seen better days." "Father, a bricklayer's labourer, has been ill for twenty-four weeks, and in infirmary the last seventeen. The mother was unable to visit her husband till the R.S.U. gave her a pair of boots, and she and one of her children had to take it in turns to go out, as this was the only pair they possessed between them."

These few hints may suffice to show something of the surroundings of these wee maimed bairns. It needs little imagination, then, to picture the dreary loneliness of the small sufferers. It is this awful loneliness the Crutch-and-Kindness League seeks to mitigate. What it asks of each member is that he, or she, shall write a letter once a month at least, to the child-cripple assigned for the purpose (with all particulars of the case given). That's all! Of course, times will come when the member is too busy, or otherwise is unable to write the letter; in that case all that is asked for is that some picture post card, some toy, or old illustrated magazine, shall be sent—anything to let the little lonely, wistful one know that he or she has not been forgotten by the unseen friend who belongs to the big outside world of health and strength.

Is not this work which all can do, no matter in what part of the world, young or old, man or woman, boy or girl, robust or invalid? There is only one fee—a shilling at entrance, just enough to cover expenses—and a beautiful card of membership for framing is given.

All other particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John

THE QUIVER

Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Enid Andrews, Bedford Park, London, W.; Mrs. Charles and Miss T. Ayres, Rosebank, Cape Province, South Africa.

Miss K. Bamford, Clippenham, Wilts; Miss E. H. Barker, Hammersmith, London, W.; Miss Clara Bryan, Littleover, Derby.

Miss N. M. Carty, Putney, London, S.W.; Mr. Albert Edward Cracknell, London, E.C.

Miss Edie Dady, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.; Mr. Robert C. Douglas, Bonnyrigg, Lasswade, Mrs. French, Bandon, Ireland.

Lieut. E. P. Graves, R.F.A., Lahore, India. Miss Ethel M. Hall, Hokianga, New Zealand; Mrs. R. W. Horn, Christchurch, New Zealand; Miss Minnie Hunt, Guildford, Surrey; Miss Mabel Hutton, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Miss Johnson, Kanrapukur, India.

Miss Deborah Kett, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Misses Hilda and Edna Linford, Leicester.

Miss Marnock, Hyde Park, London, W.; Miss Violet May, Calcut, Berks; Miss McLean, Dunedin, New Zealand; Mrs. Crosbie Morgan, Ontario, Canada;

Miss D. L. Mundy, East Chillington, Sussex.

Miss Quartly, Hornsey, London, N.

Miss C. E. Smith, Herne Bay, Kent; Miss C. Stewart, Torrdarach, Pitlochry, N.B.; Miss Agnes K. Stone, Newbattle, Dalkeith, N.B.

Miss Margaret Treviranus, Marlow, Bucks.

Miss Mary Wevill, Nailsea, Somersetshire; Miss K. Withers, Kilburn, London, N.W.

Mrs. Stunt, Charles F. Stunt, Miss M. Sparrow, Bertie Barker, Charles Page, and Frank Garland, Whitewood, Sask., Canada. (Group 21.)

Fred Jordan, Arthur Berry, Clifford Jones, Harry Adey, Herbert Fowles, Frank Quin, and Arthur Jeffries, Clifton, Bristol (Sunday School Class of Miss Verna Mackay).



Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

AUGUST 4th. THE WORTH OF THE KINGDOM

Matt. xiii. 44-53

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The parable of the hidden treasure (finding without seeking). (2) The parable of the pearl (seeking without finding). (3) The parable of the drag-net (gathering of every kind). (4) Individual responsibility.

IN the Book of Common Prayer there is a short prayer which says: "Grant that we may not so strive for things temporal that we shall lose things eternal." That is the emphasis of the lesson. On Columbus's first visit to America an Indian gave a handful of gold dust in exchange for one of the Spaniard's cheap toys, and no sooner did he possess it than he bounded to the woods, looking often behind him, in fear that the Spaniard might repent of having parted with such a treasure.

The Pearl of Great Price

A missionary in Manchuria says that quite lately, in examining a number of candidates for baptism, he made a point of inquiring how each of them came to believe in Christ. One man told his story: "I was in Yuchiatur, and saw in a house a Gospel, which the people there had bought from a colporteur and thrown aside as unintelligible. From the moment my eyes alighted on it I was greatly attracted by it, and read and read till the meaning dawned on me. I found the pearl of great price." Though quite a poor young man, he was one of the brightest of all the candidates.

Winning Others for God

Individual responsibility is brought out very clearly in the lesson. We are saved to serve. When Henry Martyn reached India he entered in his journal these words: "I desire to burn out for God." And James Chalmers, after years of hardship as a missionary, said: "Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all of its experience, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, surrounded by savages with spears and clubs flying about me and knocking me to the ground—give all that to me back and I will still be your missionary."

This burning passion for the souls of men is felt by all who realise that they are their brother's keeper. It is told of one man who prayed earnestly for the conversion of a neighbour that he used words something like these: "O Lord, touch him with Thy finger; touch him with Thy finger, Lord." He was repeating the petition again and again in great earnestness, when something seemed to say to him, "Thou art the finger of God. Hast thou ever touched thy neighbour? Hast thou ever spoken a word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered." The man arose from his knees self-condemned. He had lived near his neighbour for twenty-five years and had talked about politics and weather and trade, but never a word about spiritual things.

God expects all His followers to be workers

THE QUIVER

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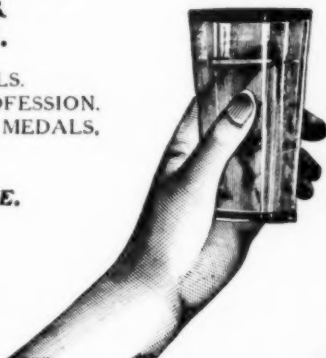
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SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

together with Him for the salvation of others.

AUGUST 11th. A TROUBLED SEA AND A TROUBLED SOUL

Mark iv. 35-v. 20

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The miracle on the sea. (2) The man in Satan's bonds. (3) The same man restored by Jesus.

Peace Amid the Tumult

A MODERN writer says that he once visited the room where one of the greatest statesmen of the day slept. Above his bed was this text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Many a time, after all the excitement of Parliamentary struggles, that text was a comfort as the last word on which his eye dwelt before he retired to rest.

We are apt to forget, however, in the tumult of life, as these disciples did in the boat, that our Lord's presence is always a guarantee of safety. Robert Louis Stevenson tells a story of a storm at sea. The passengers below were greatly alarmed as the waves dashed over the vessel. At last one of them, against orders, crept to the deck and came to the pilot, who was lashed to the wheel, which he was turning without flinching. The pilot caught sight of the terror-stricken man and gave him a reassuring smile. Below went the passenger and comforted the others by saying: "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. All is well."

When the Evil Spirit Departs

"I don't believe in the existence of a devil," said a man to a preacher after the latter had spoken of the existence of the evil one. "Don't you?" was the retort. "Well, you resist him for a while and you will believe in it."

In his recently published book, "Other Sheep," Mr. Harold Begbie gives us some terrible pictures of men in India who have surrendered themselves to the devil. Some of these, like the man in the lesson, have been delivered by the power of Christ, and are new men—living miracles of grace. One man of whom Mr. Begbie writes was implored by his dying father to "serve the devil." "For three or four days nothing occurred. The life of the family went on as usual. The death of the devil-possessed father seemed to make no difference in its fortunes. There was the same poverty, the same frugality, the same misery, and the same monotony of labour. But one night, as the eldest son lay on his ragged mat waiting for sleep, he felt himself suddenly

stricken with a deadly cold which convulsed all his limbs and shook him with so great a trembling that the teeth rattled and grated in his mouth. He says that he saw nothing, but that he felt the approach of a devil. He was powerless to scream, powerless to ward off the attack. He lay in a breathless and palsy-stricken terror. Then, as if a cloud had swallowed him up, he felt his body occupied by something not himself, became aware of an overshadowing and masterful spirit sitting in the tenement of his body and taking absolute possession of his will. . . . Like his father he dedicated himself to the devil and became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for many miles around his village." But by and by God came to him, and the devil being expelled he returned to his right mind.

AUGUST 18th. THE RULER'S DAUGHTER

Mark v. 21-43

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The petition of sorrow and despair. (2) Jesus among His scornful enemies. (3) The dead raised.

A GENTLEMAN and his little son went out to work in a garden. The boy was given a pile of stones to throw into a ditch. After a while he called out: "There's one I can't lift. I've tried with all my might, and I can't lift it." "No, my boy," said the father, "you have not tried with all your might, for I am here as a part of your might, and you didn't ask me to help you." The ruler in the lesson made no such mistake. He knew where the power was, and he went to seek it.

A Modern Miracle

The Rev. J. D. Jones not long ago told a remarkable story sent him by a friend in Devonshire. A child lay sick in a country cottage, and her younger sister heard the doctor say, as he left the house, "Nothing but a miracle can save her." The little girl went to her money-box, took out the few coins it contained, and in perfect simplicity of heart went to shop after shop in the village street, asking, "Please, I want to buy a miracle." From each she came away disappointed. Even the local chemist had to say, "My dear, we don't sell miracles here." But outside his door two men were talking and had overheard the child's request. One was a great doctor from a London hospital, and he asked her to explain what she wanted. When he understood the need, he hurried with her to the cottage, examined the sick girl, and said to the mother, "It is true—only a miracle can save her, and it must be performed at once."

THE QUIVER

He got his instruments, performed the operation, and the patient's life was saved.

What a beautiful illustration of the Divine love and pity that ever sought to heal and to comfort!

AUGUST 25th. THE VISIT TO NAZARETH

Luke iv. 16-30

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Christ on His own mission. (2) Our Lord's familiarity with the Bible. (3) The angry mob.

THE opposition which Christ had to meet at the hands of His own people has been repeated all down the ages, wherever the story of His life and message has been declared. Even yet, in many parts, the old persecution continues. "India does not change its venom against the Christian faith," wrote a C.M.S. missionary in a recent article. "A young Brahmin," he continues, "stood up (at the Mid-India Convention) and confessed Christ publicly. A few days after one of our ladies went to call at his house and was told that he had died suddenly a day or two before. All the family had been sent away to another place. On further inquiry it seemed only too clear that this young man had been poisoned."

When Men shall Persecute

Rachoff, of Archangel, was at twenty-two

in a trading house, with rich parents and a brilliant outlook. He disappeared; was found going from house to house teaching and reading the Gospels. He was denounced by the priests and forbidden by Government to live in the village. He disappeared for two years and travelled through Russia and the Holy Land, teaching the poor. The Turkish Government drove him out. In Odessa he settled among beggars and tramps. In a theatre, filled with the élite, he arose and described the condition of these outcasts, asking help for them. He was thrown into prison. In Archangel he visited the dens of crime, making peace and teaching. He opened two soup kitchens, feeding over one hundred people daily and talking Scripture to them. The Government closed the rooms. He then went from house to house with meal, bread, sugar, tea and wood. He established an orphanage and a night refuge. He would take off his clothing for a shivering beggar, even giving away his fur coat (his father's gift). The priests complained. Ecclesiastical enemies sent him to the Susal dungeon for eight years. When he was released in 1902 his mind was totally destroyed.

And this was the reward for doing good. The enemies of Christ did not cease from persecution when they nailed Him to the cross; they are still as active and as cruel.





WHEN JANE MADE UP HER MIND.

*A Quite True Story,
told by her Husband*

III.—Jane Pays Attention to Herself

It was only natural that my good wife, after having renovated the household draperies and thoroughly overhauled the children's clothes, should turn her attention to more personal matters, and begin to consider which of her frocks and blouses would issue most triumphantly from a course of treatment with Drummer Dyes.

She had learnt some wisdom in her past efforts, and knew that it is not well to attempt to dye heavy articles, such as cloth costumes, woollen or tapestry table-covers in large sizes, or heavy woollen curtains, at home; and her attention was therefore confined to light blouses, ties, ribbons, laces, and gloves, until—emboldened by past successes—she set to work upon a particularly nice linen coat and skirt, which had once been a very great favourite with both of us.

This costume, in its palmy days, was of a pretty grey-blue colour, with strappings of a rather darker shade, and there was a bit of romance about it, because I had bought it secretly, as a surprise for the little woman, paying for it with some overtime earnings which she had never been told anything about until the evening the frock came home from one of the best drapers' and outfitters' in the City, addressed all fair and square to "Mrs. John William Angus."

It had always been called the surprise frock, and Jane had treasured every thread in it; but, surprise or no surprise, it had got miserably faded with repeated washings, and didn't look as if it would ever be worn again.

I must confess to feeling downright jubilant when one evening Jane, who had slipped off upstairs directly after tea, came down in what looked like a brand-new linen costume, in that pretty soft shade

of brown that is so popular this summer.

"How do you like it?" said she, drawing herself up to her full height, and laying her hand patronisingly on my shoulder.

"Don't tell me it's the very same old

surprise frock," said I, laughing at her, but feeling mightily proud of her all the same.

"Just that," said Jane; "and think how well it has kept up its character; the last surprise is greater than the first—eh, John William Angus?"

Trust a woman for knowing when her husband is genuinely interested about her frock, or only pretending to be interested just to please her. Jane caught the proud look in my eyes, and her tongue was loosened. She told me gaily how she had hesitated for half an hour or more before venturing to trust the old blue costume to Drummer Dyes.

"I turned the blouse over and over yesterday afternoon," she said, "and then this morning I held up the coat and examined it all over, inside and out, as if it had been made of cloth-of-gold instead of faded blue linen. Then I made up my mind to venture, remembering that Drummer Dyes had never once spoiled anything for me."

"Puts me in mind of a question I forgot to ask you," said I. "Those Dolly Creams that I took up to the office for Richardson; were they for curtains, or frocks, or what?"

"How absolutely silly men are!" said Jane, holding her chin very high. "Dolly Creams are for anything in the muslin or cotton or silk way, supposing you want the muslin or cotton or silk to be tinted a soft cream colour. Dolly Cream doesn't stiffen the things; it just tints them, that's all."

When you are doing up curtains and things that require a certain amount of stiffness, you use plain white starch for the stiffening and Dolly Cream for the tinting. It gives a lovely soft even colour, tinting the curtain all over alike, and never settling in little dabs of bright yellow, as so many of the home-made colourings do. Besides, it is cheaper than anything one can make at home, costing only a penny per bag.



"How do you like it?" said she, laying her hand patronisingly on my shoulder.

Cut out this Coupon, and send it, together with six penny stamps, and the name of your grocer, or store, to

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Boys' Brogue Shoes with hanging - over - slashed tongues; very smart and

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This illustration shows our "Queen" quality footwear for children, in lace, which are made on last-made form; laces; specially suitable for growing children; fit easily and wear well. Uppers of dark brown willow calf and finest nut brown glue kid.

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BALLYMACLINTON

Those of our readers who visited—and who did not?—the charming Ballymacclinton Irish village at the White City Exhibition, with its pretty collections, will be interested to know that that village had its prototype in an equally charming village in the North of Ireland. The sole industry of that thriving village is the manufacture of McCClinton's soaps, declared by over one hundred peeresses to be the purest and most delightful soaps manufactured. The wonderful mildness of this soap is due simply to the fact that, unlike any other soap, it contains no caustic soda, being made with vegetable salts from the ash of plants. Since the possession of a clear, healthy skin and complexion is very largely a question of the purity and mildness of the soap used, it is not surprising to find that McCClinton's soaps are so largely used in aristocratic circles, while the price brings them within the reach of everyone.

THE PERFECT WATERPROOF

It has often been prophesied that the perfect waterproof, when it arrived, would not only be light in weight and smart in cut, but would also be free from that objectionable stickiness which characterises so many makes of rainproof cloth. And now that the perfect waterproof has arrived we know it for what it is, and are glad that it comes with so excellent an appearance and so attractive a name—*Rezine*.

Rezine waterproof garments are obtainable from all first-class outfitters, or (wholesale only) from the manufacturers, Messrs. Johnson and Sons, Ltd., Great Yarmouth. For ordinary wear, or for yachting, motoring, cycling, or shooting, they are all that could possibly be desired, being practically scratch-proof, thoroughly ventilated, and guaranteed neither to crack nor peel.

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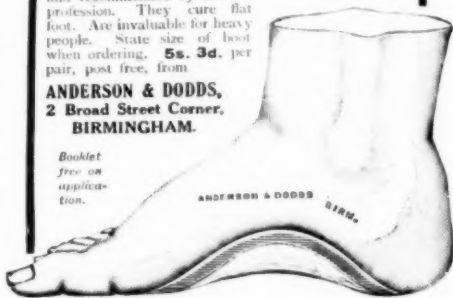
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Miss Fallowfield's
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A Girl from the
South

GERARD, MORICE
Under the Red Star
The Red Seal

HAGGARD, H. RIDER
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The Brethren
King Solomon's Mines
The Ghost Kings
Morning Star

HEWLETT, MAURICE
The Spanish Jade

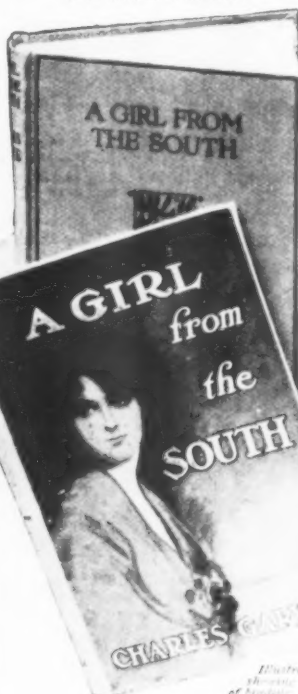
HOCKING, JOSEPH
The Woman of Babylon
A Flame of Fire
A Strong Man's Vow
The Sword of the Lord
The Romance of Michael
(Trevail)

HOCKING, SILAS K.
A Human Face

HOPE, ANTHONY
Father Stafford

HORNUNG, E. W.
My Lord Duke

HYNE, C. J. OUTCLIFFE
Kate Meredith



*Illustration
showing scene
of London, with
colours picture
paper wrapper.*

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The Circular Staircase

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What Cheer!

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From Warwick. Dated 28th March, 1912.

Dear Sir,—Permit me, first, to thank you for the marvellous results I have had from your "Ozerine." Faithfully—I have not had a single fit since I commenced taking Ozerine in September, 1911. The last fit I had was in August, 1911, and I had been having them up to that time since 1899, and during this period I was always under a doctor's care. The cure is astonishing to me, as I had almost given up all hopes of ever being cured. Again thanking you, I beg to enclose a Post Office order for 30s. Please forward me a further supply of three bottles.—Dear Sir, thankfully yours, S. C.

From Maidenhead.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward another 4s. 6d. bottle of Ozerine to Mrs. L. This wonderful remedy is doing her worlds of good. She has not had the slightest sign of an attack since she took the first dose eleven months ago. We will gladly recommend it to anyone we know suffering from the same affliction, as we think it deserves world-wide advertising.

From Manchester. Dated 5th March, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favour enclosing sample bottle of Ozerine, for which I thank you. I am delighted to tell you that since taking the first dose my daughter has not had the slightest symptom of an attack. When I tell you that she had previously suffered an average of about fifteen attacks every morning, each time losing consciousness for a few seconds, you will see how wonderful are the results. I could hardly

credit it if I had not seen for myself. We have had her under doctors privately, and in a Manchester Hospital, but all to no use. Kindly send per return one of your 30s. bottles.—Yours faithfully, M. C.

From Co. Donegal.

Dear Sir,—I send 4s. for another bottle of your Ozerine. Thanks be to God, I find that it is a real cure. My daughter has never had a single fit since she had your sample bottle. Please send by return, as the medicine is nearly done.

From Ardfert.

Dear Sir,—I write to you again for another bottle of your medicine, as I find it to be a success. My boy has never had an attack since he took the first drop of your bottle.

From Tuticorin, India. Dated 11th October, 1911.

Dear Sir,—You will no doubt remember that I brought out with me, in April last, sufficient Ozerine to make six pint bottles for the patient under that treatment. I now beg to advise you that we find Ozerine of the greatest possible benefit. The attacks seem now to occur only about once a month, and are of the very mildest possible description, more like a fainting fit. Has the time come in your opinion to lessen the dose or to take it less frequently? The patient will, in all probability, be out in India for another year. Please arrange to send me sufficient Ozerine to make another six pint bottles.—Yours faithfully, J. H. M.

Are you personally interested in anyone who is suffering from this terrible disease? If so, take special notice of the fact that Mr. I. W. Nicholl will gladly send a sample bottle of his wonderful medicine quite free to any sufferer who applies for it. Ozerine is sent to all parts of the world, post free in the United Kingdom, for 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle. Special rates for America, the Colonies, and foreign countries. Full details are always obtainable from Mr. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 27 High Street, Belfast.

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We feel sure that those of our readers who suffer from tired, aching feet will be glad to know that there is a simple little appliance on the market which will give instant relief. We refer to the "Anatom" Instep Support. This supports the arch of the foot, and equally distributes the weight of the body, preventing the strain on the ligaments of the foot. The device can be worn in any boot, and is changeable from one pair of boots to another. It is invisible in use, and is exceedingly light and comfortable. Moreover, a pair will last for years, as they are made of specially light non-rusting metal, and the parts which come into contact with the foot are covered with leather.

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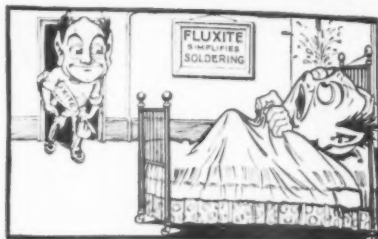
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